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HISTORICAL EVENTS

OF

SOUTH SIDE

BEAVER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

ROBERT M. BRYAN

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Historical events of south
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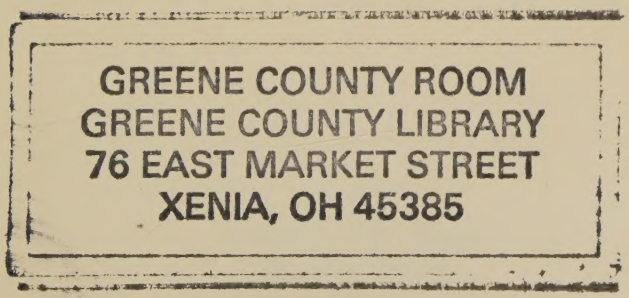

Historical Events

of

South Side

BEAVER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

and

Home Coming Week Celebration

INCLUDING ADDRESSES DELIVERED

HOOKSTOWN, PA.

AUGUST 18th to 23rd, 1924

Compiled by

ROBERT M. BRYAN

HOOKSTOWN, PA.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

"Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.
We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."—LONGFELLOW.

WE read in the Good Book where David longed and said, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

To those of us who are fortunate in having our birth place on the "Immortal South Side," or to those who in some manner have become associated with the events that have made history, long for a look into those pages of historical happenings and have a desire to learn more of those men and women into whose hands were committed many laborious tasks to perform and the measure of their success may be found from the testimony coming from all walks of life. We hear it from the Pulpit, from the Court Room, from the Medical Profession, from the great Schools of Learning and the Military history of our Country. It comes to us from Egypt and the Sudan, from India and far away China, and from every part of our own Country. They did succeed in that which was given into their keeping. Men and women went forth into the avenues of life and performed their work in such a manner that the muse of history has recorded their deeds.

During August, 1924, it came into the minds of the younger generation, to call together for an Old Home Week at Hookstown, all who could be reached and as a result, on Thursday of that week more than five thousand people gathered to renew old acquaintance and recount the days gone by. Addresses were prepared and read, which were in reality Historical Events, and in the preparation of which, entailed much labor. These were read from a stand in the open, and many of the people were unable to hear.

Due to this fact we have compiled under the following headings the Schools, the Church, the Medical History, Early Settlements and Settlers and the Military History and other events of interest with the permission of those who made the addresses and who prepared the history of the events. This reaches back to 1800 and comes up to 1924.

We trust you may preserve this record for those who may follow after you, that our History may not be lost to future generations.

ROBERT M. BRYAN, Publisher.

WHAT HOOKSTOWN IS NOTED FOR

The little borough of Hookstown on the South Side, which celebrated Old Home Week, has cradled a small but sturdy race of men and women. It is nothing short of marvelous that a town, whose population at any time of its history could have been seated in a small theatre, should have produced so many men of mark. Physicians, clergymen, warriors, and successful men in almost every field of endeavor have been born in the little town.

No better evidence of the valor, patriotism, and both mental and physical fitness of Hookstown's sons could be sought than is shown in the borough's record during the Civil War. The population of the town at that time was less than 250, yet it furnished 53 volunteers to the Union army. If that proportion had enlisted during the recent World War, the United States would have had an army of 25,000,000 men in active service. Out of these 53 Hookstown boys, one became a brigadier general, one a captain, one a brevet major, eight lieutentants, one the adjutant of the regiment, two chaplains, and three became brigade hospital stewards. One Hookstown lad, William Whitehill, was one of the most daring and valuable of General Phil Sheridan's scouts.

It is this high percentage of virile manhood and intelligence for which Hookstown has been noted. Education has been a passion with the townspeople; that is, wholesome education grounded on common sense. In the field of medicine alone, it would astonish you to learn how many noted physicians were born and reared in the old town.

Hookstown may not be the capital of the universe, but the richness of its data humana computed on the square inch basis will compare favorably with that of any flourishing metropolis.

Governor Dungan of Iowa, who was born on the South Side, claimed for this district that:

"It had the first settler in the County, Levi Dungan.
It had the first Church, Mill Creek.
It had the first Theological School and the only one in the State at that time, Eudolpha Hall.
It had the first Superintendent of Schools, Thomas Nicholson.
It had the first Circulating Library, Frankfort.
It had the first Public Highway, The Broadhead Road, from Pittsburgh to Fort McIntosh.
It had the first Justice of the Peace, William Glasgow.
It had the biggest Indian Fight, Poe and Big Foot.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Rev. William F. McKirahan, D. D.

We regret that we do not have a copy of the address of Reverend McKirahan, who in God's Providence was called to his reward a few weeks after its delivery, and before this work was decided upon.

Those who knew something of the Doctor's ability and use of language, will readily see how much we lose by not having this copy.

With the loss of this copy we cannot afford to lose the response, delivered by J. Brad Craig, which in itself is a gem; and will bear reading again and again, and with profit.

RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME
By J. Brad Craig

It is with feeling of pleasure mingled with sadness that I avail myself of this opportunity to respond to the gracious words of welcome to which we have listened. Pleasure because the mind harks back to the days of youth when to be alive was pleasure enough. If youth be defective we certainly outgrow it too soon. The "swimmin' hole" by the big rock; the school house with its steeple always attracted snowballs, and every tree and building which my boyhood knew talk to me now in eloquent terms of the joys of a childhood which has gone.

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never come back again."

There is, however, more than pleasure in my mind as I return to Hookstown for this "Old Home Week." There is also a golden thread of sadness which will not tarnish with the years. Since coming here today I have unconsciously looked for faces that I knew were on the other side. As we become removed from youth in point of years we begin more seriously to estimate our friends. Some of us are fast approaching the zenith of that journey which had its beginning near some spring in this community. It is not sinful to look back just for today. As we stand gazing from the vantage ground of the years many of our old friends seem to have fallen off like leaves in the autumn time. They were dear to us. We played with some of them in boyhood. We sought the counsel and tried to emulate the virtues of others. Many of them have made their contribution and passed on. Their work has been handed to us who follow. May we not shirk the responsibility of such a legacy.

Since the request to speak on this occasion came to me a question has been passing through my mind. This question touches the purpose of this "Old Home Week." Mercenary reasons will not answer the question. Local advertising shoots wide of the mark. When all possible answers are reduced to their lowest terms they will show at the surface a vitality of purpose which

has permeated this community since pioneer days. This virility has its roots reaching deep into the subsoil which underlies the history of this community. In this lower stratum, from which growth comes, we find the church and the school as fundamental factors. In my boyhood days, which were spent in this community, an atmosphere of religion and Sabbath observance pervaded the entire south side of the county. Few people could be found who were not members of the church and who did not regularly attend its services. The man who drove his work-wagon on the public highway in this community on the Sabbath day was considered worthy of being watched. He was a misfit in this community.

The efforts made here for education were no less significant than those manifested in matters of religion. This effort was not limited to the Board of School Directors but was shown by the citizenship of the entire community. Few places can approach such a record for intensive purpose and deep seated desire that the young people should have the best opportunities in terms of education. The influence of the Hookstown Academy has been felt throughout the entire country and its students have reached heights that enable the world to see. May its record continue until the end of time. That such a spirit is still here has been clearly manifested by the efforts of the committee which planned this occasion for us. They are to be congratulated and it is our wish that next year a bright spot might be placed on our calendars for Hookstown.

Why did we come back? Why does a pigeon return to its cote? Why did David desire a drink of water from the well of Bethlehem? Why does all life at time desire just to go home?

"*Where we love is home,*
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts."

May we change our gaze now from the past to the future. What do we see? Have our joys and pleasures on by-gone days been so intensive and satisfying that we cannot easily change our angle of vision and look forward? Or, has our vision been so dimmed by the gracious and kindly tears of retrospection that the future looks dark? It is well for us all to remember that life is made of sterner stuff than joy and pleasure. The trembling world just now needs leaders with stamina of soul and dependa-

bility of character such as have been nurtured in the shadow of the hills of this community. Hookstown had produced such men, men who are not annoyed by the shadow of others ahead because before them is open ground.

In our retrospection it is true we have sighed and shed our tears but the tears will only clarify our vision so that we may be able to see more clearly the great problems which lie before us.

In our prospect what sort of work will Hookstown do for its part in the structure of our civilization. In the past it has made a full contribution and will it now permit other communities to take up its share of the building? In the plans of the Great Architect of the universe there is no place and no reward except for those who are faithful until the end. This community must not fall short. The momentum of the past is too great for it to stop now. It will be able to make the grade when the pull comes. The energy of the committee which planned this occasion deceives us if the road which lies out before this community does not lead to even greater accomplishments than have been recorded of the past. The permanence of such accomplishments, however, will continue to rest, as it has done in the past, on the two great foundation stones of our country's prosperity, the church and the school. Such a responsibility does not rest with any committee alone but on every individual in this community who fears God, loves his country, and is able to think straight. Our influence may be inconsiderable. It may be as a drop of water but may it be a drop of water in a stream that moves instead of in a stagnant pool.

The future of this section of Beaver County may not show financial success. It has not been so in the past. Money, however, is one of the cheapest of the worth-while things of life. The great values are attached to leadership, service, and the things of the spirit, of which this community has made a noble contribution in the times that are gone.

To reach the heights which lie beyond involves more than speech making, wishing and praying. Some enthusiasm, not a little of faith, and considerable hard work will be necessary. It is worth while.

When the great balance sheet of life is made up we will find that we are not held responsible for results. We don't keep the great

book. We are, however, responsible for our full duty as individuals and we cannot perform it by proxy. We are happy that we do not see the end from the beginning. The densest fog is always at some distance from us.

"I see not a step before me as I tread another year;
But I've left the past in God's keeping—the future his mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near."

SETTLEMENT AND OLD SETTLERS
By Miss Julia R. Reed

Discarding the old phrase "A bird's eye view" we may survey this community from an imaginary aeroplane, and note its settlements and the characteristics of the settlers. Before and shortly after the great war that gave the country its liberty, many settlers along the Atlantic coast embraced the opportunity of migrating to the West.

There were two things that must be considered before locating. Firstly, the choosing of a position for defence and security, and second, it must be a region of water courses and good springs. Then began the movement to Western Pennsylvania. It began along the military road to Fort Pitt and along the Ohio and its tributaries.

The south side of the beautiful Ohio was free from the incursion of the Indians and afforded better land titles. Since this part of the country, well known as the South Side of Beaver County met this requirements, naturally the oldest settlements of the county began in and around this community; these conditions helped them determine just where their cabins should be built and the direction of the first roads.

Let us note the method of transportation that emigrants use as they start on the wearisome journey westward. They take a horse, a cow, a sack of cornmeal, a little cooking kettle and a few other belongings. It would have been impossible to have crossed the rugged state by vehicle, if they had possessed one. Upon the horse was strapped the greater part of their belongings and upon these sat the elder lady. Each person of the family carried what he could, and the cow was also pressed into service. As we follow them on the course we observe that it is a journey full of hardships. They subsist on the cow's milk with a stinted allowance of cornmeal and such game as they could collect and cook anywhere in almost unbroken wildnerness. The ones who came late in the season kept from perishing several nights by a shed of brush and fire of logs kept up all night. From the plane we see them arriving at Fort Pitt then down along the course of the Ohio and its tributaries. Who then was the first known settlers of this community? Who made such a journey? Invest-

gations show that Levi Dungan crossed the state from Philadelphia and located in the vicinity of Frankfort on the old state road leading from Georgetown and Washington. This road was a mere cow path, (the forest was infested by Indians) on which settlers traveled east. This settlement was made as early as 1772 and no doubt is the oldest settlement in Beaver County. From the aviator's point of observation the forest is already occupied by the "Red Man" and the yells of Indians was not pleasing music to his ears. He begins to dread the uncertainty of their attacks. His only means for self-protection was the trusty rifle that he brought with him; as this was not sufficient defense so he built the first block-house. Mr. Dungan in 1789 secured a patent for 1000 acres of land. This was the beginning of settlements, south of here in Beaver County. There is an old tradition that he traded an ax for one of these tracts. Land was cheap and axes dear.

As we soar again towards the Ohio we see another immigrant by the name of Rutherford, who journeys up the stream of this valley. The falls of which attracts him as possibilities for a mill site. Robert Rutherford was a land speculator from Berkley County, Virginia. According to records he included it in a tract of 1300 acres of land for which he obtained a patent from the State of Virginia in December, 1779. This patent covered the present site of this village west of Main street and is the only Virginia patent and the oldest land grant recorded in Beaver County. This patent included the farms of Samuel Moore, heirs, John Montgomery, Frank Ramsey heirs, and Swaney and Ralph Cowling and all the land to a point just above where the U. P. Church now stands. A second patent was granted to Rutherford dated April 17th, 1788 for 1011 acres and covers the farms of Swearingen Bros., the John Whitehill, the McCullough, James McDonald and others. These include all land on which Hookstown is built.

The early surveyors of these tracts seeing that the creek through this valley proved to be a good place for mills, called it Mill Creek.

Following this speculation we see another locate on the Ohio, four miles north of us, on the sight of what was afterwards known east of this line as the Parks patent, extending from the south along the Rutherford line to about O. S. Wilson's property,

includes the Moody, R. J. Leeper and Thomas Mercer farms, north of Park's patent is the Alex Fagan patent, as Georgetown, He was known as Benona Dawson, who migrated from Maryland. He also erected a block house as early as 1786. The village was laid out in 1798. It is supposed to have gotten its name from George Dawson, son of the original Benona. As he was the father of 13 children the family tree is extended to many descendants of which live in or around the village of Georgetown. George Dawson of Hookstown is a descendant. Mrs. Lou Swearingen is another descendant.

About the same time Andrew and Adam Poe settled a mile from Hookstown, on what is now known as the Walton farm. They figured very conspicuously in Indian fights. The fierce encounter of Andrew Poe with Big Foot, the great Indian Chief, at the mouth of Tomlinson Run in 1781, has placed his name on the pages of history. William Poe of this place is a descendant of Andrew, and Charles Poe and family of Georgetown are descendants of Adam Poe.

As we move in plane we see Alex Laughlin and family moving on a tract of land near this village of Georgetown, becoming alarmed from Indian attacks they leave these parts for a time, and later returned. Like the Dawson and Poe families, their descendants were many. B. C. Laughlin and many Laughlins of Georgetown.

As we move in plane we come to the settlements east of us. In the summer of 1786 another couple by the name of David and Cornelia Kerr from New Jersey located on a tract of land one mile or more east of us. The patent of which was given in 1788. The farm of Edward Frazier was part of this tract. Mr. Kerr was a very pious, prudent man. He was one of the first elders of Millcreek Church.

Miss Maude Lockhart and David Lockhart her brother of this place are descendants of David Kerr, J. B. Craig of Beaver is also a descendant.

As we soar onward again toward the Ohio we see Michael Cristler emigrating to this country from Switzerland. He was a great hunter and Indian scout. He settled near our neighboring village now known as Shippingport. He built a block house in

1796. Many descendants of Cristler are living in or near this place of early settlement.

William Langfitt, the hero of the frontier of Beaver County, was born on the eastern shore of Maryland, came west in youth, and was the third man west of the mountains, and "tomahawked" the road from Washington to Gettysburg. Mr. Langfitt's experience with the Indians at King's Creek has been told and retold. He is grandfather of Judge Langfitt of Pittsburgh and Eph. Langfitt formerly of Kendell.

Andrew Swearingen of Washington, Pennsylvania, acting under Power of Attorney for Rutherford sold all of his land holdings in what is now Beaver County. John Hook of Brook County, Virginia, purchasing 320 acres out of the corner upon which the village of Hookstown was afterwards built, this transaction was November 27th, 1794.

John Hook lived in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, probably in or about Hookstown when the census of 1790 was taken.

Sometime between the time of this purchase from Rutherford and 1802 Hook seems to have entered into an agreement with Joseph Caldwell for sale of his land and Caldwell appears to have built a grist mill and a saw mill on it for he is assessed with the land and the mills in 1802, although he did not receive deeds from Hook until 1809 and 1810. Hook sold him 285 acres.

Joseph Caldwell was a man of prominence in his day. We do not know where he came from and we do not know just when he came to this community, but he was one of the first permanent settlers in this neighborhood. When Beaver County was organized he received a commission from Governor McLean as one of the associate judges of the new County, and was one of the first associate judges of Beaver Court, 1804. This position of honor he held until the time of his death in 1816. He left seven children to survive him, Robert, Mary, Stephen, Nancy, Elizabeth and Sarah.

Another notable character in the early history of Hookstown was Andrew McClure. He was the grandfather of Attorney John McClure of Beaver. He was a miller by trade and was probably the first man to ply that trade in Hookstown. He had the Caldwell mill leased for a time and would run it day and night getting a little sleep on the floor beside the hopper and having an ingenious

arrangement to wake him when the hopper became empty. He worked this way for several years until he accumulated $5,000 which was a great sum in those days. With this money he went to Indiana, which was the far western frontier of that time, and invested it all in a great tract of land. The title proved defective and he lost all of his hard earned money. Nothing daunted, he returned to Hookstown and leased the mill again. He prospered greatly. When Judge Caldwell died he purchased the interests of three of his heirs in their father's holdings about Hookstown which he later disposed of to Robert and David Wright, who purchased the remaining four shares of the Caldwell estate. At the time of his death Andrew McClure was one of the wealthiest men on the south side. He owned the John Montgomery and the Robert Leeper farms besides property about Hookstown and large tracts of land in Hanover Township.

Mathias Hook, a revolutionary soldier, may have settled near Hookstown as early as 1786. He undoubtedly was one of the first settlers and was here before 1790. He is said to have come from Maryland to Western Pennsylvania. However, he came from some part of Washington County to this vicinity. There were several of the Hooks interested in land around Hookstown.

Mathias Hook was living on his farm which was afterwards sold in 1811 to James Trimble, he was living on the same farm when he died and it is improbable that he ever lived within the borough limits for any length of time. This home was on the farm now owned by Mr. J. L. Allison. Hook was accustomed to go east and bring salt back to the settlers. He began buying small tracts where the town now stands. About the year 1806 and some time during the next three years laid out part of town east of Main Street and sold some lots. This town was officially known by several names. It was called "Newton" then "Ninevah" and at one time a public meeting was called and it was voted to call the place "Moscow" but the name of Hookstown was given after the founder, and the name will probably stick as long as the place exists.

Mathias died April 27th, 1836 at the age of 89, according to Mr. Robert Swaney, aged 84, of this village. He was buried in the Little Red Graveyard. He was survived by several daughters, Mary Eaton, Mrs. Griffy, wife of George Griffy, Anna Jameson,

wife of David Jameson, Agnes Gibbons, Barbara Hook another daughter married John Laughlin, a descendant of Alex Laughlin. There were probably other daughters. He had one son, Benjamin, who died in 1834, leaving a wife named Charity, and the following children: Mary, Mathias, Henry Solomon, John, Benjamin, Jacob. Benjamin Hook, Sr., probably lived where David Robertson now lives as his father sold him that and some adjoining lots. The Elder Hooks wife died some time before he did and her name was Catherine. The late Isaac Eaton was a grandson of the founder. Mrs. Amanda Gromo, formerly of this place is a descendant.

Nathaniel Blackamore came to Hookstown from Georgetown about 1803. He was a native of Maryland and came to Georgetown about the time the Dawsons settled there. He was a blacksmith by trade and ran a tavern for several years on the land now owned by W. S. Stevenson near the Moody land. This was formerly the Eaton farm. Here he also ran a blacksmith shop. Later he moved to Hanover Township, and ran a tavern and blacksmith shop at Kendall. This place was the centre of activities before Hookstown commenced to be built. Here was where the old militia reviews took place. He was the grandfather of Thomas Blackmore who recently died in Hookstown. The only living descendant here is Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

About the time that Nathaniel Blackmore established his tavern on Moody Hill, Joshua Barnes purchased 147 acres of land adjoining Hookstown, on the north and started a tavern which he kept for several years. Either on this land or on a lot in town. He died in 1823, leaving the land to his two sons, Rezin and Daniel. He also left a widow whose name was Elizabeth and four daughters, Prudence, Amelia, Hannah and Kitty.

Among the first lots sold in Hookstown were two sold to James Preston, a blacksmith who came from Georgetown. He also owned a lot about where the Mrs. Richard Stewart house stands which was the probable location of his shop. He had a tavern which was located near the present location of the Christler house. Preston soon tired of Hookstown and sold out. This location was on Main Street to John Justice.

Another mechanic who came to Hookstown early was James M. Scott who purchased a lot now owned by Claude Laughlin (the

Anderson lot). He was a manufacturer of spinning wheels. His lot was later purchased by the Calhouns and about the year 1817 Wm. Calhoun was running a tan yard on the rear end of the lot and later on the heirs of Robert Calhoun operated it.

Michael Hartle, a carpenter owned some lots about town. He afterwards moved into Ohio Township, and ran a tavern.

Robert Miller was a fuller and had a fulling mill on the farm now owned by James R. Stewart. This, no doubt was the first woolen mill to be built in Hookstown.

John Richie came to the vicinity of Hookstown about 1802 and lived on land belonging to some of the Hooks. He afterwards bought a lot in the village and worked at his trade of shoemaker.

Sometime after the death of Judge Caldwell, David and Robert Wright purchased and operated the Caldwell mills. They accumulated considerable property about town. Robert Wright was Coroner of Beaver County from 1812 to 1815, other Hookstown citizens to hold County office were: Dr. Milton Lawrence who was Prothonotary for several terms; he was also Associate Judge for many years; Gen. John S. Littell who was Sheriff; William Harsha, Robert, McFerran, Samuel Nelson and James L. Mayhew who were County Commissioners; and J.P. Bryan, Sheriff; and Robert McFerran and William L. Reed who were County Auditors. We have in hand some of the original petitions to court of the following asking for the right to conduct taverns, Robert Graham, 1807; Thomas Croft, 1815; Nat. Blackmore, 1804 Wm. Smith, 1818 and Joshua Barnes, 1807.

Probably to some it makes no difference who the founder was or why it was named "Hookstown" but to many it does add interest. Withal today it is home, the home of our fathers and mothers. To you who have gone to all parts of this land, we ask you back to "The Home Coming" August 18-23, 1924. During the Civil War, the Federal and the Confederate armies were encamped on opposite sides of a great river on a beautiful summer's evening. The men amused themselves by playing different tunes. The Federal band played Hail Columbia. The Confederates returned with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," then Federals gave the "Star Spangled Banner." Suddenly the Confederates struck up "Home Sweet Home." In a moment the other band joined in. Laying aside their animosities they remembeerd for a brief period that they were one family, hado ne father and one common home.

We shall stop here for a time and watch the developments of the new village of Hookstown. This tract was a land of wilderness and wildness, the forest trees were so close that in their falling their branches would easily destroy the cabins. All the music they had here was the sounds of all kinds of wild animals and the yells of Indians. Yet withal some members or member of the Hook family started the first building, a rude structure called a cabin and from this one cabin began the growth of our present town, Hookstown. From Mr. Robert Swaney, aged 84, the oldest male resident. I get this information that this log house was part of the house now owned by D. A. Robertson. Let us now examine it, its roof was clapboards, held down by heavy weights, witha quilt or possibly a plain door swinging on wooden hinges and opened by means of a leather string that lifted wooden latch. An outside chimney made of stone or sticks and plastered with mud. The inside chimney being so wide as to receive long wooden logs. As time went on the material used was somwhat different, the oldest houses are, the Patterson house across the bridge from the Robertson house. The house now owned by Mr. Cully, another old log house that stood for years was the one occupied by Nathaniel Blackmore. Located between the Moody and Stevenson houses.

Another old house was the home of Nathaniel Blackmore, situated on what is now the Stewart Stevenson farm and was located between the present homes of Sam Moody and Mr. Stevenson. Parks conducted an old time tavern here.

Most all the early settlers of this part of the County were Scotch Irish, a people who were very patriotic and energetic. Presbyterian Churches were the first then to organize in this community. Side by side with the church was the school, the two potent factors of this enlightened and civilized people.

The trials and hardships of the emigrants only strengthened them in their religious teachings and soon the bearer of the glad tidings follow and found its way into and among the settlers in this attractive Millcreek valley. About a mile and a half from here these early settlers gathered as early as 1784 to worship. From that little gathering came organization of Millcreek Church, the oldest congregation in Beaver County.

Men such as McCulloughs, Joseph McCready, Wm. Ewing, Hezekaiah Wallace, James Moody, David Kerr, John Thompson and Thomas Harsha and years following others accomplished great religious results in the neighborhood that were mighty in their consequences. The first stated minister, was Rev. Geo. M. Scott. He was installed Sept. 14, 1799 and continued until Dec. 26, 1829. He has been followed by a line of strong divines. Out of this church has gone many sons and daughters that have rendered noble and even distinguished services in many fields of life.

A few years later the Methodists began their work. They organized and built a church known as "The Little Red Meeting House." It was located in the corner of the present old grave yard. It is supposed to have been built in time of the founder of Hookstown. The Eatons were very active members of this church. It continued until about 1875, it was torn down and from the material was built a blacksmith shop on lot next to home now of Mr. Samuel Conkle. A few years later, the Methodists built a new church on the old mill lot, this was a very active congregation for years. Its revivals of interest will long be remembered. Rev. Joe Wright of Beaver, was one of its former pastors. The congregation became few in numbers. It was disbanded and the property was sold to Richard Stewart for an undertaking establishment. Following this the fragments of the former congregation united and under the leadership of Miss Celia Krell they finally organized into a church known as the Free Methodists. They have built themselves an attractive church on the hill road to Georgetown. The present pastor is Rev. Grafton.

About this time in the year 1800, Beaver County was formed from Allegheny and Washington Counties. The south side townships of the Ohio were Hanover, First Moon and Second Moon, then about 1814 a map shows the name of Greene Township. Instead of Second Moon, our township was named in honor of Gen. Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. At this time it is Hookstown, Greene Township, Beaver County. In 1800 what

is now known as Greene Township shows about 150 population. The first deed entered in the recorders office at Beaver, for land on this south side of the Ohio, was dated May 22nd, 1803, containing 400 acres. It was land conveyed by Isaac Eaton to James Eaton. This was for the land now known as the John Nelson farm, owned by Mr. McDonald. Hookstown was incorporated a borough in 1843, at that time it had a population of 350. To-day we have a population of 216.

Every person born, reared or anyone who lived here any length of time has helped to contribute to its history. Time will not permit to follow any further, and we will leave it to those who shall mention them in later reminiscences. No doubt many of you after hearing of this Home Coming have allowed your mind to dwell on the past. In our history we have records of men who worked as fullers, wheel rights, cabinet makers, millers, saddle harness makers, wagon makers, tailors. As you enter the gates of the town I think I hear you say why I remember when Sam Witherspoon or Joseph McFerran, etc., hept store here, or the good times we had loafing in Wilson's corner, or John Anderson's or the time we spent in the shoe making shop of Marian Blackmore. Perhaps the old swimming hole, or certain hallowe'en nights.

The Hookstown Fair, and when we drove with our family or best girl and took dinner at the Southerland House or Robertson House.

We have come together at this Home Coming to rehearse the story of the Communities past, to remember the days that are gone to catch the golden glow of a sun that has set. We have come to clasp each others hands once more in fraternal greeting, to look again into each others faces, marked by passing years. We will all recall with mingled feelings of joy and sadness, so many of the men and women who once sat in the pews, who were companions in school are sleeping in the long quiet of the grave. We find that there is only the echo of a lost chord in all the voices that swell from our hearts on this occasion. Let us take up the joyous side.

For its great to say "Good Morning"
Its fine to say "Hello"
But better still to grasp the hand
Of a friend or playmate you know.

A look may be forgotten
A word misunderstood
But the touch of the human hand
Is the pledge of Brotherhood.

So we welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true
Then hearts leap up and strightaway
There's open house for you,
Old friends,
There's open house for you.

HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES

By W. S. Stevenson

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century there was such a convergence of lines in and near Hookstown, it is now difficult to decide in which political division certain lands lay or old residents lived.

The first land patent in Beaver County was for 1300 acres to Robert Rutherford, by the state of Virginia, dated December 23, 1779, and signed by Thomas Jefferson when governor of Virginia. The east line of this patent is the dividing line between the U. P. Church property and the farm of Reed Bros., follows Main Street, Hookstown, and is the dividing line between the Moody farm and Charley Hall's place.

East of this line comes in Pennsylvania, with the Parks patent extending from the south along the Rutherford line to about the O. S. Wilson property and includes the Moody, Robert J. Leeper and Tommy Mercer farms, and others. North of the Parks patent is the Alexander Fagan patent. These three patents include all the land on which Hookstown is built. The Eaton patent comes in wedge shape between the Parks and Rutherford patents and reaching to or near Charley Hall's land and includes the land of H. H. McDonald, D. L. McClurg and most of the farm of W. S. Stevenson and others.

The then dividing line between Washington and Allegheny Counties were near Hookstown.

The first road in this section was laid out from Washington, Pa., to Georgetown, and came close past Mill Creek church, Frank Laughlin's house, across the old fair grounds, close to our house, close past the old Backmore-Petterson tavern. down the hill from Moodys into Hookstown, and thence by "Hill Road" to Georgetown. Many years ago this route was abandoned and the State laid out the present Washington road from Washington, Pa., to Hookstown, while the "Hill Road" was not abandoned by the state until a few years ago.

Isaac Eaton (I) received the patent for his land on April 13, 1803. He deeded August 26, 1806 the extreme north 24 acres of

this land to William Morrison of Columbiana County, Ohio, who in turn on January 17, 1807 conveyed it to Nathanial Blackmore, grandfather of the late Thomas Blackmore of Hookstown. On this land and along the above old road Mr. Blackmore erected a tavern and large log barn for the entertainment of man and beast. He was a blacksmith and had a shop. The tavern was large, apparently built at two different times, the older part was torn down near 60 years ago and but few will remember these buildings in their entirety. This place was the center of activities before Hookstown commenced to be built. Here was where the old militia reviews took place. The only living descendant of Mr. Blackmore in Hookstown I can recall is Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

The above property passed from Blackmore to George McElheny and from him to James Patterson. Patterson, like Blackmore was both a tavern keep and blacksmith. He may have lived there in the twenties or earlier, and moved away in the late forties. He was the father of "Jack" Patterson and five daughters. He died about fifty years ago, aged 95 years, or over. His only living resident descendant is Mrs. Lou Swearingen. Long before he left the tavern its prominence was gone through the abandonment of the old road that passed it.

In noticing the settlers of a century or more ago it is impossible to confine oneself to the corporate limits of Hookstown for there was no Hookstown, but I will try and keep in Greene Township.

Joseph McCready was one of the first settlers. He patented 400 acres in 1784 and died 1798. The McCready girls were the last of the name to own any of this land.

James Mackall was one of our early settlers. He came here in 1802. Before he became a farmer he was a tavern keeper and wheelwright. He was one of our early county commissioners. His grandson, C. F. Mackall and T. R. Glenn own the farm that was his.

Robert Laughlin was one of the earliest settlers on the north side of the Township and took up a large tract of land and underwent the usual hardships of the pioneer. His name is kept to the fore by numerous descendants.

Benoni Dawson and his wife Rebecca (Mackall) Dawson settled in Greene Township about 1780. They had 13 children; 9 sons

and four daughters. This accounts for there being such a plenty of Dawsons; they had a good start. Thomas the oldest son owned the far Walton-Gillespie farm and the adjoining Reed farms. Thomas married a Nancy Dawson and they were parents of nine children—two of whom I knew. Nancy married McCurdy Stevenson a great uncle of mine. They moved from Hookstown to New Bedford, Pa., more than ninety years ago. Rebecca Dawson another daughter married Robert Reed and owned and lived on a farm now belonging to James R. Stewart. They were the parents of Benoni Reed and Nancy Reed, wife of Joseph Cain, formerly of Hookstown. A son Harry Dawson, lived on the far Walton-Gillespie farm, was married to Linnie Patterson, and they were parents of Mrs. Matilda Dawson Kevan and grand parents of Mrs. Lulu Swearengin. Another great uncle of mine, Samuel Stevenson, was married to Nancy Ann Dawson, evidently from another branch of Benoni's tree. They lived in Glasgow. This Nancy Ann Dawson was a native of Hookstown.

John Thompson, from the eastern part of the state, settled east of Hookstown on land on which he and his son William, grand son Milo and great grandson Clark, have proved successful farmers and useful citizens.

William Nelson, the pioneer emigrant of the family came from Armagh County, Ireland and brought with him his five children: John, Matthew, James, Anna and Margaret. His wife died while crossing the ocean. They settled east of Hookstown on the Erwin-Shaffer farm. He was the great-great-grandfather of Frank Nelson, our postmaster.

Thomas Swaney and his son James were the pioneer Swaney settlers near Hookstown. James a farmer lived where David L. McClurg lives. He was the father of seven children: Thomas, Andrew, Benjamin, Mary, John, Robert and William. Mary was the wife of Ezekiel Carothers, second pastmaster of Hookstown, and kept tavern at the Point House where Cullies live.

Thomas Moore was one of the big land owners of this section. In his day he owned 1000 acres. His sons were James, Andrew and Aaron. Samuel inherited one of his farms and on this farm live his grandsons William D. and Paul Moore.

Apparently descendants of the patentees of only in two cases

hereabouts own and live on land their ancestors patented. The Laughlins north and the William Laughlins south of Hookstown.

William Laughlin patent includes the Swaney farms and Massey and other land, together with the Laughlin 130 acre farm. On this latter farm William Laughlin, his grandson, lived his entire life of near 92 years and is succeeded thereon by his children John, Frank and Mabel.

Rutherford, first patentee, neither he nor his descendants seem to have ever lived on his land patented. In addition to the tract of 1300 acres noted he also took up 1011 acres where Swearengins, Nickle Bros., J. S. McDonald, J. Y. Campbell, H. C. Leeper and others own and live. There is an old tradition that he traded an ax for one of these tracts. Land was cheap and axes dear. He sold this land to John McDonald of McDonald who willed it to two of his daughters, Mrs. John Mitchel and Mrs. Allison.

As the founder of Hookstown, Mathias Hook will likely be given prominence in other papers. We will cut him out with this episode from Rev. J. H. Bausman's history of Beaver County. "We have seen the original papers of a contract between Mathias Hook and a negro boy, Evans, in which the former undertakes to bear the expense of a suit against one who unlawfully carried Evans out of the state and sold him into slavery. Evans on his part agreeing to work for Hook, the space of a year, with sufficient meat, drink, lodging and clothing furnished him. Contract dated Dec. 13, 1797. Signed, Mathias Hook, Evans his X mark. Witnessed Martha and Sarah Hook." I have no doubt but this was old "Evans" who worked off and on for my father about 1850 and earlier. He was apparently of great age, smart and quick, had formerly been a slave and "Old Joe's" father.

A number of men live in Hookstown or as nearby as I do that are as old or older than I am, but their residence has not been so long and continuous.

My mother, Rachel Stewart Stevenson, died June 2, 1854; 70 years ago. Shortly after that date I first recall being in Hookstown. A daugerreotype car stood on the street side near where Walter and Mont Swaney live. My father took me to that car to have my picture taken. I still have that picture which I presume helps me mind time and place. I still wore dresses. Boys wore dresses at that period to what now would seem an awful age.

Mrs. Ellen Booth McCready, wife of John McCready the wagon

maker taught summer subscription school in 1857 and 1858 in the south room of the house in which our Historian Miss Julia Reed lives. She also taught a term in 1859 in the Red Church by the grave yard out along the Shippingport road. It might be that these dates should be one year earlier, but no later. I was her pupil these three terms. Mr. McCready's shop stood where Reed Bros., butcher shop stands. McCreadys sold this property and bought the "Old Carothers House" where Jessie Cully now lives at the "Point." No one had been living in this house for quite a while. The house had sunk down, the "lap shingles" on roof had curled up, cellar stood full of water and the property looked fully 50 years older than it does today. Mr. McCready drained the cellar and repaired the house in general and changed from wagon to harness making. He had his harness shop in the room facing Main Street. Later he sold this property and moved to New Bedford, Pa. The family, Francis, Charley and Willie, are all dead. The last was Francis, who married McNarie Ramsey, formerly of Hookstown, and she died in Youngstown, Ohio, November, 1921.

Likewise nearly all of the pupls of Mrs. McCready have passed to "The Great Beyond." Not one remains in Hookstown. Robert M. Bryan, the oldest native resident did not attend and Walter S. Laughlin our next oldest was not attending school 66 and 67 years ago.

There are precisely about the same number of houses here in Hookstown that there were 65 and 70 years ago. The new houses that have been built on new sites have just replaced old houses that have gone to decay on old sites and not rebuilt.

If my memory serves me right but two persons are living here in Hookstown today that were living here in 1857; Lavina Gibbs and R. M. Bryan.

Of the many families that were occupying the houses of this town at that date the descendants of but one family are living in the old home; Walter Laughlin.

At the time I speak of Dr. Milton Lawrence and Dr. R. A. Moon looked after our bodily welfare, Jospeh Hall, Samuel McLaughlin, Samuel H. Witherspoon, James Trimble & Sons, and Joseph McFerran were our merchants. Our tailors were Joseph Blackmore, who lived in the log house north of stone bridge and

had his tailor shop in second story of same. The other tailor was my "Uncle Billy" Stewart, who built the house and shop now owned but lately vacated by Harry C. Stewart. Nathaniel Blackmore & Sons, Peter Wiseman and Alexander Greer were our shoemakers. At this time Col. James Bryan was postmaster under the Buchanan administration. He lived in a house and had the office where Mrs. Massey now lives.

David Hamilton, father of John, better known as "Cood" Hamilton of Smith's Ferry, was our mail carrier. We had one mail a day from Smith's Ferry and it was carried to Washington, Pa. and back to Hookstown, three times per week. Mr. Hamilton then lived where Jehial Swaney now lives and was mail carrier, farmer and something of a horse swapper. It is related of him that when plowing there in the Mill Creek bottom a man who came into the field was following around remarked: Mr. Hamilton are your horses not a little light for this plowing?" Hamilton stopped and eyed the man and said: "Stranger if you had to lift these horses every morning you would think them heavy enough."

I have seen it claimed, back before the days of railroads, when East Liverpool was called Fawcettstown, the mail from Pittsburgh to Wellsville and East Liverpool was carried by this Washington-Hookstown- Smith's Ferry route.

Railroads in Beaver County and my life both connected the same year, 1851. The first train from Pittsburgh to Rochester ran July 19, 1851, and construction work on the C. & P. railroad was begun June, 1853. My father, Sampson Stevenson and Joseph Moody, were among the gang of young men and boys from about Hookstown that walked to Rochester to see the first train come in.

The fifties were still the days of the stage coach. The first man I have heard of living in the brick house in which D. K. Glass lives was John, better known as "Jack" Patterson. He there kept tavern and ran a stage coach. When I first knew the house Thompson McKibben, the bricklayer, occupied it. At that corner still stood a high painted sign in colors of a stage coach with four horses at full gallop. Close to the foot of this sign post stood the town pump, the well of which was filled with stone not many years ago.

In 1857 "Jack" Patterson lived in the brick house opposite to the above now occupied by Warren Hall. He still had his stage coach which he kept housed against the upper end of the log house that still stands down by the stone bridge. At that time Frankfort Springs was a famous health resort and Patterson carried the health seekers of Hookstown two or three times a week to the Springs. As a small boy to me it was exciting to see that old "Buffalo Bill" stage careening up and down the Washington Road the four horses at full gallop.

There has not been a licensed house in Hookstown in my recollection. About the time of opening of the Civil War, one holiday some of our boys in their "teens" got on a big jollification which so incensed Dr. Lawrence, Joseph Cain and other leading citizens, that they took action, obtaining legislative enactment prohibiting the making and sale of intoxicating liquors in Hookstown, Green and Hanover Townships, and all nearby territory.

In these early days of which I write there was no banks worthy of the name nearer than Pittsburgh. In this section bank checks were practically unknown. Much of the merchandising was done on a barter or trade basis. Gold and silver were the staple money. Our paper currency were state bank issues. Only the paper of the bank of Pittsburgh was at par and non-fluctuating. A merchant had to keep a "Detector" on hand all the time to be able to tell the value of the bills he was taking in.

I have often seen Robert Wright sitting at the door where Lavina Gibb now lives. He was a very old man. He was the father of Thomas, David and Dr. Hugh.

It is presumed that Judge Joseph Caldwell built the first grist mills at Hookstown. After the death of Judge Caldwell, Robert Wright and his son David associated together as partners and bought from Judge Caldwell's heirs the Caldwell mill and the land attached thereto. It is evident that the Caldwell mill was built in 1800 or earlier for Andrew McClure is assessed in 1802 as a single man and located at Caldwell's Mill. When Judge Caldwell's youngest son Stephen was a very old man and I a very young boy I met him once. The Wrights sold the mill to a man named Jones and another party whose name I cannot recall.

At the time the above mill existed another mill, called the "Big Mill" or "Sterlings" Mill stood where H. C. Stewart's under-

taking establishment stands. One night the "Big Mill" got afire and burned down. A little later the Caldwell-Wright mill met the same fate. There was strong suspicion that both fires were the work of an incendiary. The Caldwell grist mill was run by both steam and water power in its later days. The saw mill on same property was run by water power alone. For several years after my recollection a big double flue boiler lay where the grist mill had stood and a few rods above, the frame of the saw mill was still standing.

At that time wheat and flour were the farmers' money source. Other nearby mills were water mills and only ran when water was plenty. Under the conditions farmers thought best to take up a subscription to help build a mill. The subscription was accepted and a mill was built where the "Big Mill" had stood. The mill I presume was built by Othniel Woodrow, at least he was running it at my first recollection of it. He was doing a booming business and everybody had confidence in him. Farmers seemed to think their money safer with him than if they had it in their pockets. But there came a rude awakening. James McCullough of Pittsburgh had a mortgage against it which in July or August, 1859, he put in the hands of the sheriff and sold Woodrow out, root and branch. Woodrow seemed to be owing everybody worth owing. from small amounts up to $3000.00 The mill property consisted of the mill, a very large one, the stable below it, the house where Squire C. B. Wilson lives and a few lots now adjoining Paul Robertson. The common creditors loss was complete. In looking through some old papers of my father not long ago I came across a note dated June 27, 1857. On the back of it was a credit for interest in full to March 27, 1859. The note under hand and seal. (Signed) Othneil Woodrow. If that note was only collectable. 65 years at compound interest, to count it made my head dizzy. At simple interest it would amount to about $500.00, but I would be satisfied with face value. The mill run off and on, and after a good many years Mr. McCullough sold this property, probably got some money down but in a short time the mill took the burning habit and one clear night went up in smoke. We expect to celebrate those big mill illuminations costly fireworks, "Old Home Week."

In the fifties this was one of the leading show points of the

country. East Liverpool was not in it with us. Shows did not travel then by railroad. Large animal and circus shows came here. Everybody stopped work for the show. The persons opposed to the circus came to see the animals. Dan Rice was leading showman. We thought it grand to see the big parade coming down the Washington Road headed by a brass band.

The first time I crossed to East Liverpool on a ferry boat they used horse tread power. Between Georgetown and Smith's Ferry was a large boat named the "Drover." The boiler occupied the center of two passage ways. Livestock was not carried on railroad cars in those days, and it took a large boat to ferry the big droves across.

The Washington Road was one of the leading thoroughfares from the east to the west. It occupied the position a trunk line railroad does among railroads. I have seen this road packed with droves of cattle and sheep as far as I could see. The Poe and Jehial Swaney farms were the usual lodging places here for droves at night. I have known Hookstown boys to go as helpers with these droves to Philadelphia and not get back for weeks.

When I was a small boy Richard McClure, father of Mrs. John Moody and grandfather of "Judge" Samuel and Margart A. Moody, lived on the old Blackmore-Patterson tavern property, which I now own. His daughter, Mrs. Fanny Goshorn and children lived with him. I was often there and he would take his grandson Frank and I, one on each knee and nurse us. He died April 10, 1858, aged 82, his life reaching back to 1776.

John Moody, from whose farm much of the land of east part of Hookstown was bought, was deservedly rated the best farmer in the community. He was not an excitable man, not easily disturbed. I heard a harvest hand relate, they were putting up hay and a thunder storm was approaching when the dinner horn blew. Some one suggested that they work a little longer and save so much hay getting wet. "No," said Mr. Moody. "We will go to dinner. Peggy never blows the horn until she is ready." Mr. Moody came here from Northampton County, Pa., in 1819. He died in 1864, aged 66 years.

Hugh Leeper was one of my first Sabbath School teachers in the old U. P. Church, under the pastorate of Rev. Marcus Or-

mand. He was a prosperous farmer and lived where Robert J. Leeper lives. In an early period, instead of driving with lines, except in plowing it was customary for the driver to ride the lead horse. He was one of the last to desert this old custom, as long as he was able to ride. He rode a big gray horse called "Eph." I have seen him ride when mowing. It was a little troublesome when the machine chocked but it was a bad choke when his team did not take his machine through. He died in 1867, aged 73.

Isaac Eaton (II) was a grandson of Mathias Hook. His mother was the Mary Eaton mentioned in Hook's will. This Isaac was the son of James Eaton to whom Isaac (I) deeded most of the land he had patented here by deed dated May 22, 1803, being the first deed entered for record in Register and Recorders office in Beaver for land south of the Ohio River. This Mrs. Mary Hook Eaton was living when I can remember in a log house by a spring not more than three or four rods from the line fence that was between our farm and that of Isaac (II). He and his children at that time lived in another log house near a spring not far from D. L. McClurg. This daughter of Isaac (I) did not die earlier than 1855. She was 88 years old when she died. By the record if she died earlier than 1855 her father was less than 20 years old when she was born and I would not likely mind her. Isaac (II) was a good neighbor, a man of peculiar temperament but the kind cynic philosopher Diogones hunted for with a lantern —an honest man.

One of Mathias Hook's daughters married a McFarland. The McFarlands, in 1859, when I was going to school at the Red Church to Mrs. McCready, were living where George Thompson is now living.

Isaac Knowles, cabinet maker, was one man who left Hookstown about the middle of the 19th century and rose to marked success in a business way. The first time I was in East Liverpool he and his brother-in-law Harvey was running a one or two kiln pottery making yellow ware, and grinding the clay with a horse. Later he changed to making white porcelain ware and his pottery plant was rated as the largest in America.

The first time I was in East Liverpool the population was but little greater and its buildings were way behind that of Hookstown. But two brick buildings were visible, what is now called

the Thompson House and a two or three X building on second street. Lower Broadway to a little above the Thompson House, about the same distance out Third Street, and but little more on Second Street was the size of the city.

When Hookstown was incorporated as a borough in 1843 its public school was and had always been a Greene Township schcol. Until 1857 the children from the old district in the township continued coming into the borough school. In the summer of 1857 the township built a school house up the old lane from the Washington Road, on the corner of our farm to take care of these children. Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel McLaughlin taught the first two terms in this school. I was in attendance on the first day of school and in the morning found her busy sweeping out the shavings the carpenters had left on the floor.

This was the first day that Rev. James Henry Snowden, D. D., L. L. D., ever went to school. He was born in Hookstown on October 18, 1852, but never went to school in Hookstown. He has since gained a nation wide reputation as a writer and theologian with quite a string of big letters to his name, but then he was simply "Jim." At the start I had three month's start of him in going to school and near ten months in age. The teacher, Miss McLaughlin, placed us on the bench in front of the big old fashioned teacher's desk and furnished us two boys with illustrated books to keep us quiet and out of mischief. Jim and I went to school together for eight years in that old school house. The school term then was four months, and every Saturday. Later it was every other Saturday and finally no Saturday at all. Jim and I never missed a day. Margaret Sterling (later Mrs. McDonald, mother of Constable McDonald), taught several terms in this school house. I recall one bad day in which she, Jim and I were the entire school. After several terms another boy of about our own age started who has since gained some big letters to his name and been a college president. His name was Johnston Calhoun. They could beat me in grammar. I could beat them in spelling and in other common branches we were a tie.

In those days every school child, or their parents for them, had to furnish their own books and supplies. There was no waste. For slate pencils we were sometimes reduced to soapstone. A lead pencil an inch or two long was a bonanza. By hook or crook

I had accumulated three cents. I concluded I must have a bottle of ink. Without consulting any one but Jim Snowden, who knew the same about the price of ink that I did, we sallied forth to buy that ink. The first store was that of Joseph McFerran. I presented my three cent piece but learned that ink was five cents per bottle but would not fill a bottle for three cents. His rules were inflexible and the limit or my resources was three cents, we had to look elsewhere. James M. B. Carothers was keeping store in the McLaughlin store room, and was our next venture. He let us have the bottle for three cents. During our return that noon hour our remarks about the latter was more eulogistic than for the former. In later years we found Mr. McFerran to be one of the most honest, kindest hearted men that could be found. His bark was worse than his bite.

Mr. Carothers during his residence here clerked for Trimbles, married Miss Cyntha Lulu Dawson, one of Hookstown's prettiest girls, and kept store. He had two boys to die in their infancy, and finally after long sickness he lost his wife in 1866. Discouraged he left for the city where he prospered, finally becoming a partner in the Arbuckle Bros., millionaire coffee firm of New York.

The last muster of the Marion Guards, the name of the local state militia organization took place in the field of Walter Laughline opposite U. P. Church in 1860. Among the officers I remember were Captain John S. Litell, Col. James Bryan and Major James Springer. At latest advices Major Springer was still living, well up in the nineties

Fourth of July, 1861, was the most exciting fourth of July celebration ever held in this region. War had broke out between the States the previous April. They had the cannon here from Georgetown and an immense crowd.

Before another Fourth of July rolled around the boys were being organized and rushed to the front. In August, 1862, Company H, 140th Pennsylvania Regiment, started from here to the front. The farmers took them to Smith's Ferry in farm wagons and a good delegation of the community went with them to the station. About the time of the battle of Gettysburg a company of three months men were enlisted and escorted from here in the same way to the station. Jessie Smith patriotically gave us free passage on ferry boat and he had capacity loads.

Sunday, July 16, 1863 was the most warlike day of any day in this vicinity during the Civil War. It had been rumored for several days that General John H. Morgan, the Rebel general was raiding through Ohio, but little attention was paid to it. On this hot July day a goodly congregation had assembled in the old U. P. Church and the Rev. Marcus Orman was discoursing to them. John Trimble who had made a Paul Revere ride from Georgetown came and rapped on the church window for his brother James to go out. James went out and coming in rushed up to the pulpit and spoke to the preacher. Mr. Orman stopped and announced that they had General Morgan at Smith's Ferry a prisoner but he did not think it necessary for the whole congregation to go down to see him. By that time Trimble had got half way to the door and whirled around and said: "You dern fool he is there with his army." There was no benediction that day, everybody rushed for the door and home. Farmers eat their dinners, cleaned their old rifles and mounted their horses for Georgetown. You could hear firing all over the country, and as the report spread the roads filled with men on horseback. The women baked all afternoon to provide for the men. Along in the evening they started a wagon loaded with supplies but they only got as far as the McLaughlin farm when they met the heroes returning. Morgan was captured, the scare was over.

When Hookstown began to be a town is a question. From printed extracts from Rev. George Scott's diary is the following: "July 1, 1799—Set off this day on our way to Mill Creek, near the Ohio river." No Hookstown then. Isaac Eaton (II) told me his first recollection of the site of Hookstown was a hazel thicket. Mr. Eaton died in 1877, aged 67. His first recollection would be about 1815. No Hookstown then.

Joseph McFerran was appointed postmaster March 20, 1818. Hookstown at that time probably consisted of a cross roads, a mill, a couple of houses and Mr. McFerran's store.

The following is the ebb and flow of population: In 1812 the population of Beaver County was 12,168; Greene Township 1245—a little over one-tenth of the county. 1830 the county was 24,182—the Township 1709. Township more than 15th of the county. In 1833 Greene Township lost a large slice of its territory to create Raccoon Township. In 1849 Beaver County

lost several townships to create Lawrence Counry. In 1840 Beaver County population was 29,368; Greene Township 1500. 1850 Beaver was 26,689; Greene 1,923. In 1860 Beaver was 29,140; Greene 1,836; Hookstown 296; Georgetown 295. Total in Green Township 2508. In 1870 Beaver 36,148; Greene 1836; Hookstown 259; Georgetown 297; total for Greene 2392. In 1880 Beaver 39,603; Greene 1249; Hookstown 308; Georgetown 288. Total, Greene 1845. 180—Beaver 50,077; Greene 1,111; Hookstown 259; Georgetown 271. Total, Greene 1641. In 1920 Beaver had 111,621; Greene 691; Hookstown 191; Georgetown 251; Shippingport 299. Total for Greene 1432. A loss of 1016 for Greene from 1860 to 1920. In 1860 Greene had over 12th of population of county, 1920, one-79th.

Samuel Nelson of Greene Township was a grandson of William Nelson, heretofore mentioned. He was "Uncle Sam" to everybody and a jolly old bachelor. He was born in 1815 and died in 1894. He was helpful to the poor and needy and was often imposed on. He was a justice of the peace for many years. In 1878 he was elected county commissioner and served three years. He was a good bit of a wag but sometimes the joke was on him. I have heard it told that when he was a young man he and a lot of girls went on the hunt of services. He climbed the tree and swung out on a limb but his feet would not reach the ground. He told them to catch his feet and pull down. They made the mistake and instead of his feet they caught his pantaloons but when they found his suspenders were giving way they ran and left him suspended in the air.

In the fifties and sixties Joseph Cain lived and ran a large tannery where Joseph Byers now lives. He prospered and done well but when tan bark began to grow scarce he sold out and moved to Kokomo, Indiana. Big loads of tan bark and hides came to the tannery and big wagon loads of finished leather left for market.

W. B. Lawrence one of the leading business men of Newall is a native of this town. His grandfather, Dr. Milton Lawrence was a resident from 1826 and his father Samuel M. Lawrence lived here until about 1870.

Although Hookstown and Greene Township have furnished the brains and numbers for so many other places and thereby almost depopulated this territory there is hopes for its revival. George-

town and Shippingport, the two best unoccupied sites for manufacturing cities along the Ohio River promises to obtain the transportation facilities that will make cities of them. When that occurs Hookstown will become the crossroads between Chester, East Liverpool, Washington, Pa., Pittsburgh, Shippingport and Georgetown, and we will get back what we have lost with interest.

Benjamin Stewart was an early pioneer settler of the Hookstown section. He lived where his son Robert and later his grandson George Stewart now lives. He was a younger brother of my grandfather William Stewart. His grandfather George Stewart owned 350 acres on Pequea Creek, Lancaster County, Pa., and died April, 1769. His, Benjamin's father, was Colonel George Stewart of the Revolutionary Army. When he first came west from Lancaster County he located and took up land in Allegheny or Washington County, Pa. He later sold this land to John McDonald, founder of McDonald, Pa. In 1790 Colonel George moved to Hancock County, West Virginia. He bought land now owned by his descendants, Stewart Bros. and James Stewart on the Hookstown, Chester, East Liverpool road. He died September 9, 1801 and was buried in the old Mill Creek grave yard. Benjamin Stewart died 1852, aged 67 years.

In my early school days a carding mill that had been operated by John or James Eaton stood at the fording now owned by C. B. Wilson. Eddy Mines was the last occupant of the building. When I first seen it, it still contained the cards and boiler and steam engine that had furnished the power.

There had been a carding mill where Walter and Mont Swaney's stable stands that belonged to a man by the name of Walker, but when I first knew it had been changed into a saw mill, with one of the old up-and-down saws in it. It was then operated by he whom was later known as General John S. Littell. Skids extended from the second story to near the street above on which the logs were rolled. The Trimble Bros. owned a similar mill which stood on the lot above the Reed Bros. Another old time saw mill I have heard tell of is the Henry Singleton water mill on Mill Creek, on Ralph Cowling's farm.

In the early days there were more water in the creeks than now and more water power mills on the creeks. I have heard it related that Johnston Calhoon (II) or (II) built a mill near where

Con Halderman now lives and put in a set of choppers. By putting the grain in the hopper in the morning when he started to plow by noon it would have enough ground to feed his horses. On one occasion he accidently shut his hound in and when he came to get the noon feed the hound had eat all in the feed box and was barking up the spout for more.

One of the pupils taught by Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin in our old school in 1857 and 1858 was Samuel Moore. He was droll and always had a lot of droll stories to tell. When he enlisted a few years later in the 101st Pennsylvania Volunteers and entered the Civil War I was very anxious for his return. I thought he would have so many good stories to tell, but poor fellow he was not permitted to return. He was taken prisoner and confined in Andersonville and the last report we had of him was brought home by his fellow prisoner James H. Springer, who reported the last he seen of him he was sitting with his legs buried to the knees in the sand, the only relief he could get from the scurvey. His grave number is 11,387.

I do not know when my grandfather Thomas Stevenson settled in Beaver County. He was born in Chester County, Pa., in 1788. His father was James Stevenson a Scotch-Irish emigrant from County Donegal, Ireland. He was a soldier of the Revolution, confined nine months in British prisons in Philadelphia and New York. One brother Thomas Stevenson was a resident of Columbiana County, Ohio. Three of four other borthers came to America, one of whom settled in Washington County, Pa., but their names have not come down to me. My grandfather was one of a family of eighteen children. The first record I have of his residence in Beaver County was when he married my grandmother Jane Smith Stevenson in 1911, in Hanover township on the "Old Smith Farm," now owned by Wilson Bros. He was for many years a renter or cropper. Their first residence as far as I know was on the Whitehill farm in Hanover township. They moved from there to the "Andy" Swaney farm now owned by R. A. Whiteside. Their next move was to the Harry Dawson farm which forms part of the Walton farm now occupied by Gillespie Bros. They made their final move as renters to the "Mitchell Farm." This farm then, as now, surrounded Mill Creek church and grave yard and belonged to Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell, daughter

of John McDonald, the large landholder on Robinson Run, Washington County, Pa., from whom McDonald, Pa. obtained its name. This farm then contained 500 acres, which now belongs to Swearingens, Whitehill, H. C. Leeper, J. Y. Campbell and others. My grandparents lived here nine years. In 1840 he bought where I live and moved here about three years later. My grandfather had a hard time getting a start. He was unfortunate with his horses. For a long time before he could get a team paid for one or the other of his horses would die. He finally succeeded with "Bob" and "Jack." One of these horses was lame and the other blind. In speaking of the scarcity of money in early days I heard Samuel McLaughlin relate that he knew of "Old Tommy Stevenson" packing oats from the Whitehill farm to Steubenville and selling them for twelve and one-half cents per bushel to get money to pay his taxes. In the end my grandfather was successful. When he died, aged 58, of the Hookstown fever, he owned the farm I live on and the Colonel Robert Miller farm now belonging to the John Craig heirs; but much reduced in size to what it then was. My father, Sampson Stevenson, was ninth in a family of ten children. Of near forty grandchildren there is but three of us left. The late Captain Thomas S. Calhoon, a well known stramboar captain was the oldest of us. Of my great-grandfather James Stevenson there are at least seven of his grandchildren still living.

Homer H. Swaney, a son of John and Sally Swaney, was one of the bright men natives of the Hookstown community. If he had lived he would be nearing seventy years old at this date. He obtained a good education, studied law, I believe in a law school in Washington, D. C. He first located in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he became noted as an organizer of street car companies and other organizations. His final venture was the organization of a company to erect a steel plant on the Pacific coast. The erection of the plant was progressing finely at Seattle, when undertaking to cross Puget Sound to Vancouver Island, his ship encountered a terrific storm and the passengers and crew gave up all hope of saving the ship. To escape the suction of a sinking ship he fastened on a life preserver and committed himself to the boisterous waves. If they had had a Paul aboard to advise against leaving the ship Homer might have been alive today, as it was the ship

did not sink and he was found some days later still afloat but the life beat out of him by the waves.

Of the early pioneer emigrants to Greene Township William Thompson was one of the first. He came from Ireland and settled in or near what is now Georgetown. He married here. All of their eight children were born here. William, Josiah, Matthew, John, George, Samuel, Mary, who became the wife of Dr. Scroggs, Sr., and David Clark, who was born here in 1817. His last place of residence here was what was long known as the Captain Richard Calhoon place and is now the home of Frank McCoy. Mr. Thompson moved from here to Calcutta, Ohio, where he became the proprietor of the well known Thompson store of that place. His sons proved successful business men. Josiah, born in 1811, the only one of them with whom the writer was acquainted, was an extensive wool buyer, and leading merchant and banker of East Liverpool in his day. He was East Liverpool's first bank president. His son Cassius C., was founder of the C. C. Thompson Co. plant. His second son William L. was a music composer of note, successful business man and left one son Leland W. John C. the only son living is a successful business man and banker. A daughter of Josiah is married to M. E. Golding.

John Bunting's first wife was a sister of John Moody. They had one son Robert. He ran the Caldwell mill but finally lived and died in the house across the creek from Lombards known as the Charley Bogue house. Their son Robert became a Presbyterian minister and located in Texas before the Civil War. He adopted the customs and became imbued with the doctrines of the South. When the war broke out he was on the side of the South. Before the war ended his father sickened and died. Robert came home to see his father in his last hours, but the war fever got so high, and just then some of the more excitable boys from the front happened to be at home and Robert would likely have been violently dealt with if some of his friends had not assisted in slipping him away. But so it is in time of war, folks seem to loose their senses.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Hookstown, Pa.

This church in the Presbytery of Frankfort, was organized in 1846. Its first regular pastor was the Reverend Thomas Calahan (ASO., ERF.). He was a native of Washington County, Pa., and came to the churches of Hanover and Hookstown, June 20th, 1849, remaining until April 11th, 1854. He was followed by the Rev. Marcus Ormond, who served the church of Hookstown from 1859 to 1867, excepting one year when he was Chalpain of the 140th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers Infantry. Alexander Young was pastor from June 1869 until May, 1872. James Porter Davis from September, 1872 until August, 1874. Samuel C. Reed, born in Beaver County, served from 1879 until 1882. William McKitahan, 1884 until 1890. G. A. Roseberg from 1892 until 1900 and H. L. Hood, 1901 until 1903. F. G. Wright, 1905 until 1908. W. M. French, 1909 until 1913. W. M. McKirahan, 1917 until 1924.

This church was incorporated by a decree of the court, Hon. J. J. Wickham presiding, June 8th, 1982, the names of the incorporators being: Samuel Nelson, Robert Leeper, R. M. Swaney, John Nelson, William Campbell, Joseph Mercer, Winslow Hood, Robert M. Bryan, John G. Adams, Hugh C. Leeper, Robert J. Leeper and Samuel B. Lawrence.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

By Margaret Laughlin

The Hookstown Presbyterian Church was organized in 1854 by members of Mill Creek congregation, who desired a more convenient place to worship. The original members were as follows: David Kerr, Mary Kerr, John S. McCoy, Nancy McCoy, James S. Walker, Margaret Walker, Milton Lawrence, Sarah Lawrence, Joseph McFerron, Eleanor McFerron, Sarah McFerron, Mary McFerron, John McFerron, Martha J. McGinnis, Nancy Stewart, Eliza McGahan, Mary Blackmore, Mary Patterson, Almira and Jane Witherspoon, Stephen and Margaret Whitehill, William and Ruth Thompson, Rachel Kerr, William Ridgley, Thomas J. Laughlin, Mary Moody, John Moody, Joseph Cain, Nancy Cain, Margaret Moody, Joseph Moody, Benoni Reed, William Miller, Milo Thompson, Thomas H. Moore, A. R. McClure, Caleb Whims, John and Mary Galbreath, Sarah Blackmore, Jane Miller, Nancy Chapman, Nancy Goshorn, Thomas and Mary H. Calhoon, S. W. Miller and others.

This Church is an offshoot of Mill Creek. It was organized and built in 1854. It has an honored history. Its membership embracing some of the most substantial and worthy families in the community. The congregation worshiped in a frame building, erected at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars. This building was destroyed by fire in 1885. The following year it was rebuilt at a cost of three thousand dollars.

The church has been served by the following pastors: R. S. Morton, 1854 to 1863; W. M. White, 1866 to 1870; George Shafer, 1873 to 1874; D. L. Dickey, 1876 to 1881. R. S. Morton, S. S., who died after two years service, being the second time he served in this church. The pulpit was vacant from 1885 to 1890. James H. Hunter, 1891 to 1893; J. R. Hosick, 1893 to 1904; Wm. R. Craig, 1906 to 1910; M. F. Smith, 1911 to 1915; Clyde Wheeland Supply, one year; D. C. Schnebley, 1917 to 1923.

SCHOOL HISTORY

By Robert M. Bryan

Hookstown was incorporated into a borough by a Special Act of the Legislature, April 18, 1843. The Act was signed by Gov. David Porter.

In educational matters the community in this place has always taken a progressive attitude. When the Public Free School System was established in Pennsylvania in 1854, Hon. Milton Lawrence, M. D., of this village, was one of the school inspectors for Greene Township, appointed by the court. It certainly was a fitting appointment of a great man. An excellent scholar himself, he took deep interest in educational matters and was one who was well qualified for the position. Dr. Lawrence was one of the most prominent men in Beaver County. He was Prothonotary of Beaver County for two terms or more, and Associate Judge of the County for several years. The appointment of such a man carried with it a guarantee to the people that their interests would receive the attention of one who felt the work assigned to him was important and would be appreciated by the people.

The Free School System enacted by the Legislature of 1854 was not a system common to all alike. The Act of 1834 incorporated this clause in the Statutes by providing that the poor should have the benefit of the taxes voted, if their parents should ask for it. In the legislature of 1844 it was proposed to change this and levy the tax to be used for the benefit of all alike, rich and poor. Public opinion was or seemed to be against the change. A majority of the members of the Legislature seemed to be of the same mind. A powerful speech was made against taxing all the people for the benefit of a few, as it was alleged, and claiming that such a law would be in direct violation of the State Constitution of 1837. In this emergency, Thomas Nickolson, a member of the Legislature, closed the debate denouncing the existing system, as vicious class legislation and in an eloquent speech urged the change. His side won the day and the law became common to all the children of the State, and thus was placed before every boy and girl, rich and poor, an opportunity to secure an education, and the Public Free School System of Pennsylvania became not only so in name, but in fact.

You will wonder doubtless what this has to do with the history of the Hookstown schools, and we claim it had all to do with it as it had to do with every other school in the State.

Governor Dungan of Iowa, who was born and raised on the South Side, in an address, made at the Beaver County Centennial in 1900, his subject being the South Side, claimed for Thomas Nickolson, that he was the father of the present Public Free School System of Pennsylvania. Thomas Nickolson was a South Side educator. He had charge of Frankfort village school, and afterwards of Frankfort Springs Academy. In 1844, 45, 48, 68 and 69, he represented this district in the Legislature.

But the story of our schools date back many years prior to the establishment of the Public Free School System, and we are very much indebted to Miss Julia Reed for information or notes taken from the diary of her father James Martin Reed, who was one of the most prominent teachers in this community in his generation. I will read his notes in his own language as follows: "The first school of which I have any knowledge was taught in Hanover Township in 1800, located near to an old church known as Kings Creek, was taught by a man named James Hays. This information I received from David Kerr, grandfather to Dr. F. D. Kerr. Mr. David Kerr told me he attended that school when he was thirteen years old. He died in Hookstown in 1872.

"In about 1805 a teacher by the name of Arthur Campbell conducted a school in Greene Township located on a farm which is now owned by Leonard Gamble. Mrs. Martha Gibb whose maiden name was Kennedy informed me she was a pupil in said school. She died in 1887 aged ninety seven years.

"John Harsha who was located on a farm near the village of Harshaville now Hanover, in the early years of the nineteenth century conducted a private school in which along with common branches he taught some of the higher branches. He was a graduate of Cannonsburg College. Rev. John Scott, D. D., was one of Mr. Harsha's pupils. He died in 1857, aged 78. Another pupil of Mr. Harsha was Dr. Alex Thompson of Independence Township. Dr. Thompson was a member of Pennsylvania Legislature, the father of Judge W. S. Thompson of the Federal Court of this district.

"Rev. George M. Scott, who settled here about 1797, for many years conducted a school at his own home in which he taught the languages. Some who attened Rev. George Scott's school were his son John Scott, Rev. Samuel Moody and Samuel McFerran. He died 1849, aged 88. In 1817 a school in Hookstown was taught by John Scott who afterwards became Rev. John Scott, D. D. He was the father of Ex-President Harrison's first wife. Mrs. Margaret Moody was a pupil in this school. Her father, Richard McClure, was among the first settlers in this neighborhood. Mrs. Moody died in April, 1897, aged 91. In 1825 school was taught by a master named George McCullough, who in those days was a very popular teacher. Some of Mr. McCullough's relatives still live in and about Frankfort Springs. The late Samuel Nelson (who was so well known by many, being one of the County Commissioners elected in 1873), was a pupil of this master, also his sister Miss Nancy Nelson. They had not as yet begun the erection of buildings designed for school purposes. Schools were kept in houses or more properly in cabins.

In a house in Greene Township on farm owned by Samuel Moores' heirs a school was taught by a man named John Ralston about 1828 or 1830. About the same time a teacher named Thomas Sweins taught a school on the farm of Benjamin Steward now owned by George Steward, a grandson. Some of the farmers were Henry Conkle, James Mackall, Mart Dolby and Coon Hutchinson. In Georgetown, between 1830 and 1835, a school was taught by H. McCullough. Along late in the 20's a widowed lady familiarly known as Aunt Mattie Laughlin taught school. The house in which she usually conducted school was on a farm in Greene Township now owned by heirs of the late David Craig, but in the early days known as the Bell tract of land. Mrs. Laughlin's maiden name was Bell and on this same farm was her early home. The late Thomas Laughlin (father of Walter Laughlin, now living here), was a son. Mrs. Mary Wright was a daughter. The late Joseph Cain and William Laughlin, whose old home is near Mill Creek church, were two of Aunt Mattie's pupils. The late Thomas Wright of this place was also a pupil in school on the Robert Stewart farm near the state line, James McCready, master in 1830. Mrs. Andrew Moore was a daughter.

"Some place in the 20's a school was taught by Mr. James Boyd. The building was located on what is now known as the W. S. Stevenson farm. In about 1856 a school house was located on the corner of W. S. Stevenson farm. Teachers were Elizabeth McLaughlin, Margaret Sterling, Cynthia Swaney, Jennie Mercer, Alex. Whitehill, Samuel Swearingen and Samuel Moore. It was later consolidated with the school on Minesinger hill and is now known as the Mercer school.

"The winter of 1849 and 1850 went to school in Hookstown to a Mr. Samuel Jeffrey and James Carson. Both became preachers, the former a Presbyterian and the latter a United Presbyterian. Mr. Jeffrey died in 1859. Mr. Carson many years later. We have added along the pupils who attended Mr. Jeffrey's schools were Robert Leeper, James Martin Reed, Joseph Bryan, Sampson Stevenson and many others of the same generation. In 1858 I taught in Hookstown. Commenced in May, taught for six months at $26 per month.

"When Hookstown was incorporated as a borough in 1843, its public school was and had always been a Greene Township school. It was until 1857, the children from the old district in the Township continued coming into the borough school. In the summer of 1857 the Township built a school house, up the old lane from the Washington road on the corner of the Stevenson farm, to take care of these children. This part of our history comes from W. S. Stevenson, who goes on to say, Elizabeth McLaughlin, a daughter of Samuel McLaughlin taught the first two terms in this school. I was in attendance on the first day of school, and when arriving there in the morning found her busy sweeping out the shavings the carpenters had left upon the floor. This was the first day that Reverend James Henry Snowden, D. D. LL. D., ever attended school. He was born in Hookstown, October 18th, 1852, but never went to school in Hookstown. He has since gained a nation wide reputation as a writer and theologian, with quite a string of big letters to his name.

Than it was simply "Jim." At the start, I had three months start of him in going to school. and near ten months in age. The teacher placed us on a bench in front of the old fashioned teachers desk, and furnished us with two illustrated books to keep us quiet and out of mischief. He and I went to school together for eight years

in the old school house. The school term then was four months and every Saturday, later it was every other Saturday and finally, no Saturday. Jim and I never missed a day. Margaret Sterling (later Mrs. McDonald, mother of Contable McDonald), taught several terms in this school house. I recall one day, when she, Jim and I were the entire school. After several terms another boy about our age started, who has since gained some big letters to his name and been a college president. His name was Johnston Calhoon. They could beat me in grammar, I could beat them in spelling, and in other common branches, we were a tie. Mrs. Ellen Booth McCready, wife of John McCready, the wagon maker, taught summer subsrciption school in 1857 and 1858 in the south room of the house in which our Historian Miss Julia Reed lives. She also taught a term in 1859 in the Red Church, by the grave yard on the Shippingport road. It might be these dates should be one year earlier, but no later. I was her pupil these three terms."

Within the period from 1834 to the beginning of the Civil War the southern portion shows as engaged in teaching, Leonard Swearingen, James Bell, Thomas Carrouthers (2 years County Superintendent), John Carrouthers, James Matthews, James Whitham, Thomas Creswell, J. Martin Reed, Mary Scott, James Ewing, John Nelson, Robert and Samuel Leeper and others.

A teacher of national reputation who taught in the common schools of this county and whose name and work have already been spoken of the Rev. John Scott, D. D., was born in Hookstown January 22, 1800. He was for over four years professor of mathematics in Washington College, for over sixteen years professor in Miama University, four years in Farmers now Belmont College, which he aided in establishing, ten years in Oxford Female College and his whole educational career covered a period of sixty years and at the time of his death probably the oldest educator in the land. He did his preparatory work in Hookstown school.

Another who taught in Hookstown about 1860 was Rev. W. F. Johnston, who later with his wife Rachael Kerr, the daughter of David Kerr, were sent as missionaries by the Presbyterian church, to India. After many years service in that country Mrs. Johnston was accidently killed in this country while home on a furlough She too had taught in Hookstown as well as her daughter Mary.

The children received their common school education in the Hookstown schools. Mary is still actively engaged in missionary work in India. Dr. Johnston between 80 and 90 years of age, is still living in India, also his daughter Jennie, the wife of Dr. Mitchell, a missionary in India. Dr. Frank Johnston is an active Presbyterian minister in this country and Bessie Johnston doing good service in a hospital in Beaver.

Another educator who was born in Hookstown did his preparatory in the Hookstown school and who taught in the school building on W. S. Stevenson farm was A. R. Whitehill who later graduated from Washington and Jefferson, who was later professor of physics in the West Virginia University. He was classed among the prominent educators of the country.

The Hookstown Academy in the years that followed the Civil War with splendid teachers and excellent attendance of young men and women did a great work. Those were certainly stirring times in our village and it was enjoyable to hear the debating of those young men, their recitations and readings and to attend their games. Those teachers not only built those boys up educationally but were character builders as well. Young men went away with a plan for their lives. Not many years since I was talking with a professional man and in speaking of one Hookstown common school teacher he said when he came into our schools we boys had given little thought to our lives. He awakened in almost every girl and boy an ambition to be something worth while and such they proved themselves to be.

From the close of the Civil War up to 1924, the Hookstown Academy in conjunction with the public schools of Hookstown Borough and the schools of adjoining townships, continued doing great work along educational lines. This is assuredly attested by the long list of men who in their professions, have become so favorably known throughout the country and in the cities of our land.

John M. Buchanan in an address made at the Beaver County Centennial in 1900, said, "The townships of Hanover, Greene and Raccoon have placed in the Christian Ministry, one hundred thirty of her sons, more than one hundred physicians and many lawyers and teachers."

List of teachers from 1800: John Hays, 1800; Arthur Campbell, 1805; Rev. George Scott; Rev. John Scott, 1917; John Harsha, early in 19th century; George McCullough, 1825; John Ralston, 1825-1830; Thomas Sconies; James McCready, 1830; Samuel Jeffrey, James Carson, James M. Reed, Elizabeth McLaughlin, Margaret Sterling, Cynthia Swaney, Jennie Mercer, Alex Whitehill, Samuel Swearingen, Prof. Stitt, James Whitham, W. P. Spargrove, Rev. W. J. Hawk, Rev. A. I. Young, Prof. Hays, James Carothers, Joseph McKinsey, Rev. Alex Calvert, Rev. Alex Calvert, Rev. M. M. Patterson, Rev. George Riggle, Clark Riggle, Dr. F. D. Kerr, Cynthia Boyd, Samantha Boyd, Rev. W. F. Johnston, Mrs. Rachael Johnston, Dr. McKirahan James Campbell, Rev. J. A. Greer, Rev. John Hood, Samuel W. Miller, Thomas Nicholson, Harry Moore, Mrs. Ada Moore, Dr. W. B. Lawrence, Annie Beal, Edna Mansfield, James Laughlin, Angie Gallagher, David Yolton, Calvin Stephens, Julia Reed, Wm. Yolton, Kit Lawrence, Rush Quigley, David Mackall, Newton McElhaney, Harry Thompson, Rev. George Atwell, Dr. Will McPheeter, Professor Shoemaken, Martha Ralston, Edna Swearingen, Mary Johnson, Professor Hartford, Joseph Bryan, Edith Mercer, Professor Vincent, Grace Hunter, Emma Boyd, Marie Dawson, Helen Massey, Miss Campbell, Miss Slocum, Professor Clark, Millie Lutton, Miss Pennington, Miss Heckathorn, D. C. Littel, May Wilson, Tom Stevenson, Professor Johnson, Allen Robertson, Jennie Swearingen, Robert Bryan, Bella Bryan Lawrence, Professor Pryor, Artie Nickle, Edna Lungar, Rubia Campbell Barnes, A. M. Nickle, Rev. H. C. Swearingen, Benjamin McClure, George Reynolds, Robert S. Mercer, W. F. Reed, Sara Reed, Raymond Robertson, Beulah Robertson, Wildia Craig, Mary Swearingen, Joella Swearingen and Helen Smith.

As I have read those names to you they may have come to your ears as sounding brass or a tingling cymbol, but the great majority of those men and women as teachers represent a class who magnified their work. They looked upon the position they held as a trust reposed in them by the people and believed that the profession of teaching is second to none other in its demands, and its responsibilities.

Today, we cannot in detail point to the particular place where each should stand in this long list and would not if we could. We

may consider their work as a whole. A tree is known by its fruits and a work by its results and we do not feat the test.

We feel justly proud of these professional men who have gone out into the world and are doing their part in the world's work and are wielding an influence for good that will go on and on until the end. We feel equally proud of that splendid citizenship, our schools have fitted who in this community and other communities are contributing liberally of their best thought for the upbuilding of education and who stands in his community for the things that are worth while, the home, the school, the church and the State.

Call the roll of the teachers today, who have had a part in making history for the schools of Hookstown and vicinity and from the majority who have passed over the great Divide, must come the answer: "The good that men and women do in this world lives after them." and from the country, the city, the pulpit, the judges bench and from every walk in life come voices, attesting that the influence of their example and teaching, still lives and will continue to live to the end of the world.

Call the roll of the pupils today, who took their preparatory work in these schools, and from India, Egypt and the Sudan and from all parts of the United States, come answers, and they would tell you that they were inspired to do their part of life's work by those teachers who sought to fit them for life's work educationally and were character builders as well.

THE MEDICAL HISTORY

By Dr. G. A. Cristler

In the early days of Hookstown's infancy, there was little need of a physician and he was seldom called for. In extreme cases one had to be called from Ft. Duquesne, a distance of 30 miles.

The first physician on record was Dr. McCullough who began practice as early as 1810. His practice was not renumerative enough to supply him with the needed necessities of life, so he combined keeping tavern with his practice to keep the wolf from the door. The length of time he remained we do not know.

Following Dr. McCullough came Dr. Wm. Warnock, who purchased the lot where C. B. Wilson now lives. He practiced for a time, later moving to Frankfort and continuing his work there.

Dr. Jessie Goodrich is the next to follow. The date of his practice is not known.

Dr. Joseph Campbell began to practice in 1819. Following him comes Dr. Milton Lawrence. He began in 1826, continuing to practice for a time. He moved to Beaver and was one of the associate judges. He later returned here and took up the practice again. He was assisted by his son Joseph. Laurence, who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, registered from Hookstown, June 30, 1881.

In the year 1845 there were three physicians practicing here, a time long to be remembered, on account of the disease known as "Hookstown Fever." Dr. Alexander Coburn and Dr. Samuel Wallace were victims. The third, Dr. Wm. Smith, was taken ill but recovered. Dr. D. S. Marquis, later of Rochester, formed a partnership with Dr. Smith, in his illness, and continued to practice until 1848. There were in all 86 cases of the disease; 8 deaths occured directly from the fever.

Dr. R. A. Moon graduated from Cleveland in 1844 and practiced in this place until 1875, or for 30 years. He moved to Beaver Falls and practiced there with his son Addison Moon.

I am very much interested in Dr. Moon as he was our family physician at the time of my own birth. I have been informed that Dr. Will Morrison, Dr. John Lockhart and Dr. Frank Conkle

were students under Dr. Moon while he practiced here. Dr. U. S. Strouse practiced with Dr. Moon for about six months, leaving here, located at Fairview, Beaver County, Pa.

Dr. W. D. McPheeter, a descendent of Wm. Langfitt, located here April 17, 1872 and continued to practice his profession very acceptably until the time of his death in June, 1896.

Dr. A. M. Anderson located here November 7th, 1881. He continued to practice until 1885, then moved to Fairview, W. Va., returned to Hookstown ten years later, then moved to New Cumberland, W. Va., practiced there for several years moving to Beaver Falls, remaining there until his death.

Dr. David Franklin Kerr, a worthy son of Hookstown, whose ancestors were early settlers in this community, graduated from W. & J. College and Cleveland Medical School. He began to practice in 1878 and continued to do so until removing to Frankfort Springs Hotel, April 4th, 1899. A few years later he moved to Shoustown, now called Glenwillard. For a number of years he continued practicing until his health broke and he retired as an M. D. It is to Dr. Kerr we are indebted for a concise diagnostic history of the malady called "Hookstown Fever." The description which he gives is a very good history of the epidemic typhoid fever, which was very poorly understood at the date of its time 1845, we have previously referred to.

Dr. Wm. Miller came to Hookstown in 1894, practicing until August, 1919, then changing his location to Clinton, Pa., where the Doctor is still giving very creditable service to that community.

Dr. John Howard Davis, graduate of Medical School of Cleveland, came early in the year 1896, continued to practice here for six years then removing to East Liverpool, where he contined to practice until his death in 1921.

Dr. G. A. Cristler began practicing here August 9th, 1896. He is still practicing and is the only physician in or near the community.

Dr. C. C. Ross came in the fall of 1913, continued to practice until 1922, then located in New Sheffield, Pa., where he is still practicing.

Dr. Leedom Sharp came here in 1922 and practiced during that year, changing to near Philadelphia.

Of the sons of Hookstown Borough, Dr. John Bryan after his graduation, located in Cretenden, Ky. in 1866 and practiced his profession until 1874. Death called him from his labors there.

Dr. Wm. Lawrence after graduating, located in the west. Doctor is still practicing in Red Oak, Iowa.

Dr. W. J. McPheeter, graduated from Jefferson Medical School in 1902, first started at Independence, thence at Florence, later moved to this place in 1907 and continued his practice until his health became impared. He died in 1914.

Dr. Chas. Campbell graduated from Medical College at Columbus, O., in 1903. He began practicing at Chester, W. Va., and is still an active physician of that place.

Dr. Richard Johnston, a student of the Academy here, attended and graduated at a medical college and began to practice at Fairview, W. Va. After several years of practice there removed to South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., where he died.

Dr. Earnest J. Campbell, graduate of Grove City College attended Western University of Pennsylvania, graduating with honors in 1907. For one year was interne at Allegheny General Hospital. The Doctor later took up special work; eye, ear, nose and throat and is now a specialist in Toledo, Ohio.

Dr. Matthew A. Swaney, graduated from Columbus Medical College in 1903, began his first years of practice in Midland and Smiths' Ferry. Doctor is now located at Wampum, Pa.

Dr. Earl Lyon, graduate from Baltimore Medical College located in Centre City, Pa.

Dr. Ray Lyon, graduate from Baltimore Medical School is located now at Heilwood, Pa.

Dr. Thor Lyon, graduate from Jefferson Medical School for some time has been an Interne in Presbyterian Hospital, Pittsburgh. The above are the sons of George and Joette Lyons, former residents of this village.

Dr. Earl Ramsey graduated from Kirkville, Missouri, School of Ostapathy, and is now located in Chester, W. Va., and practicing there and in Weirton, W. Va.

Dr. Will Leeper, son of Samuel Leeper, after graduating, located at Scroggsfield in Ohio and practiced for several years until death claimed him.

Joseph Lawrence graduated from University of Pennsylvania. He was registered on June 30, 1881, at Hookstown.

Dr. Samuel Mathison, a graduate of Cleveland Medical College, practiced medicine along about the year 1887, for a few months, leaving here he located in Oakland County, Michigan. Farther than this I cannot tell whether he has made any change.

WAR OF 1812

Taken from Bausman's History of Beaver County

In the War of 1812, two companies were recruited on the South Side. One company was in command of Captain Robert Leeper; Lieut. John Warnock; Ensign Joseph Calhoon; Sergenats David Nelson, Henry Davis, Noah Potts; Corporals, Joseph Brown, Aaron Sutton, Thomas Barnes and Thomas Potts.

The other company was in command of Captain William Calhoon and recruited on the South Side. Lieut. Thomas Hartford; Ensign Benjamin Laughlin; Sergeants, Thomas Swaney, Daniel Heckethorn, Adam Gibb; Corporals, Jonathan Grimshaw, Andrew Hays, William McCullough and Joseph Allison.

Both campanies were assigned to 138th Pennsylvania Militia, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Robert Miller of Greene Township. This regiment was marched to Erie in January, 1814, as their first experience.

All old soldiers will readily comprehend the extreme hardships of such an introduction to military life.

MILITARY HISTORY

By Harry J Boyde

The One Hundredth and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was recruited in August, 1862, and hastily equipped for service in one of the darkest hours in the history of the Civil War. What was known as the Hookstown Company became Company H of the aforesaid regiment. It is our purpose to set forth, as best we may what this Company did from the time of its enlistment August 22, 1862, to the time of its discharge May 31, 1865.

At the time of enlistment one hundred men of Hookstown and adjoining Townships marched into the Hookstown Church, signed the roll and pledged themselves to the defense of the Union. This number was increased from time to time with recruits which brought the roll up to one hundred and thirty-two.

At the organization of the regiment Richard P. Roberts, Esq., a member of the Beaver bar was elected Colonel and Samuel Campbell of Hanover Township was elected Captain of the Company. The company enlisted in response to the call of President Lincoln for 300,000 men which resulted in the enlistment of somewhat over the number asked for. At the time of the call a gentleman of New York wrote a song entitled "We are coming Father Abraham, 300,000 more." The author of this stirring lyric was a Hicksite Quaker with a reasonable learning, however, toward wrath in case of emergency. It fell in at once with the sentiment of the hour and did much in the way of securing recruits.

Twenty-four of the members of the Company were from Hookstown; eighteen from Greene Township and ninety from the Townships of Raccoon and Hanover.

Twenty-nine men had enlisted in other regiments, which brings the total enlistments from Hookstown to fifty-three. But few communities sent so large a proportion of its citizens into the service as Hookstown, out of a population of less than two hundred fifty.

The Company with the Regiment took part in the following battles, viz: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Todds Tavern, Corbins Bridge, Po River, North

Ann River, Totopotomy Creek, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Reams Station, Weldon Railroad, Deep Bottom, Hatchers Run, South Side Railroad, Sutherland Station, Boydton Road, Sailors Creek and Farmville. This last battle was fought on April 8, 1865, and was the last battle fought, the Confederate forces having surrendered April 9.

The Regiment had the honor of being in the foremost rank when General Lee surrendered to one of our officers standing at the gate of the McLean house as the General with bowed head passed out, thus bringing an end to the most disastrous war in modern history.

The Company lost in killed, 28; Wounded 50; taken prisoner 10; died in prison 2; missing in action 2 (these were undoubtedly killed; died of disease 3. At the time of enlistment twenty-one of the Company were under twenty-one years of age, the youngest being under seventeen. On this 12th of November, 1924, but ten are living. Many regiments in the Union Army did not have such heavy casualties as Company H. The Regiment lost in killed 198; died of wounds 128; died in prison 30; died of disease 74; wounded 534.

The Regiment had a total of 1132 men and of this number 63 are still living, November 12, 1924. It lost more men in killed and wounded than any other regiment that went from Pennsylvania and but two regiments in the entire Union Army exceeded it in losses. The records at Washington, D. D., and Harrisburg, Pa., bear out these statements.

It has been well said "That men of the regiment were remarkable for their intelligence and of having an exceptionally high standard of manhood and morality." This was true of Company H. the greater number of them being prefessing christians, this also being true of the Regiment. Of these boys of Hookstown one became a brigadier-general; one brevet-major; eight became lieutenants; one the adjutant of the regiment; two became chaplains; three became brigade hospital stewards and one became one of the most daring and valuable of Major General Philip Sheridan's scouts. These scouts were a notable organization and the story of their work is one of the most thrilling of all the stories that have come down to us. Their work consisted of their going over to the enemy, mingling with the Confederates, getting all the information pos-

sible and then getting back to our lines. It took fearless men to do this as they well knew that if captured they would be quickly hanged to the nearest tree. The scout thus referred to was a Hookstown boy named William Whitehill. Company H was on a skirmish line at the battle of North Ann River. He had come through the Confederate line on quite a foggy morning and was not seen until quite near us when he raised both hands and shouted "don't shoot," when he saw the blue uniform. As he had a confederate uniform we took him for a confederate, we had our guns ready for him in case of necessity. On divesting himself of this we saw at once not only the Union Scout but the boy with whom we had played with when children and a school fellow. This was quite an incident and the writer is the only survivor of those who witnessed it.

This article would be incomplete if some record was not made relating to the work done by the men and women of those days. As parents they suffered much, as parents spent anxious days and nights not knowing what hour they might hear of the death of a father or son. Nearly every one of them had a son or near relative in the Army. Among them was Milton Lawrence, M. D., who served rich and poor alike with rare skill and heartfelt sympathy. His kindly attention to the wife and children (when sick) of the absent father, his care for the sick or wounded soldier invalided home, also for the widow and children whose husband had been killed in battle; these were his constant care. He was a man of more than average ability in his profession and of sterling qualities in his general makeup. He served for some years as one of the associate judges of Beaver County with the Hon. Daniel Agnew, who later became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

With the Doctor there were others who assisted him in the good work he did. Such men as Joseph McFerron, the Trimles, Joseph Cain, James Boyd, William Snowden, the Blackmores, David Kerr, William Miller, Samuel McLaughlin, James Bryan, Othniel Woodrow, and others. Special reference however should be made of Alexander Patterson, the carrier of the United States mail from Hookstown to Smith's Ferry and return. He permitted neither man or weather to interfere with his work. He felt that the office he held (although an humble one), was a public trust and

that it must be discharged to the best of his ability. If any one attempted to interfere with his work he quickly made such understand that he was an officer of the United States Government and must be respected as such.

Well knowing that many anxious hearts awaited his return with the mail each morning, he carried a horn, and on reaching the outskirts of the town he would blow it most vigorously and at once the postoffice became a mecca to which the people would resort, all hoping to receive a letter or letters from the boys. He knew their hopes and fears as they waited and was in full sympathy with them. When he came to the end of his days it must have been said to him, "Well done good and faithful servant."

The ladies also worked with heart, head and hand to the extent of their ability. They sent jellies, fruits and other delicacies to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, lint, bandages, shirts, socks, for the sick and disabled at times substantials for the boys at the front. Some few men had enlisted with the understanding that their families would be taken care of during their absence as their meager pay would be inadequate for their support. Right nobly did the ladies fulfill the promise thus made. What they did is well worthy of remembrance and as I think of Mrs. Sarah Lawrence, Mrs. Ellen McFerran, Mrs. Mary Lawrence, Mrs. Wm. Snowden, Mrs. Lucinda Donehoo, Mrs. Mary Ann Trimble, Mrs. Annie Swearingen, Mrs. R. S. Morton, Mrs. Sallie and Mrs. Sophia Blackmore, Miss Mary Wright (now Gregory), and others young and old, I feel they must have been brought to the Kingdom for such a time as that. Here we have a record, rather imperfectly made, yet suggestive of the sacrifices and sufferings of the fathers, mothers, sons and daughters of those days. They believed in God and our free institutions and have left us a heritage so rich we can rise up and call them blessed and so valuable that it behooves us to hand it down to future generations.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with misers care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

—BURNS.

Roster of Company H, 140th Pennsylvania Volunteers as following: Captains, Marcus Ormond, Danuel Campbell; lieutenants, Austin Miller, John B. Vance, Addison Lance, Walter M. Lawrence; Brevet Major, Samuel Kerr; 1st Sergents, Arthur Shields, William B. Thornburg; Sergents, Joseph Moody, Robert M. Galbraith, John G. Robb, John Sickle, William Ewing, Thomas N. Thornburg, James McD. Mitchell; Corporals, Gibson Hood, John Purdy, Joseph Calhoon, Charles M. McCoy, James Fingan, George Summerville, John W. Stevens, George Fox, Alexander Greer, Richard M. Crouse; Adjutant, John S. Bryan; Musicians, Timothy Shane, Richard Shane, Frank D. Kerr; Privates, Hugh Q. Adams, John G. Adams, James B. Babb, Thomas Bryerly, William Brunton, James H. Beal, Samuel W. E. Byers, Harry J. Boyde, John Blackmore, Johnson Berlin, Samuel W. Barnes, Samuel Chapman, William G. Cowan, James Cameron, William Calhoun, William Carothers, John Criswell, James Crooks, William O. Custer, Christs. Cameron, Andrew A. Carothers, David Coffey, Geo. W. Cain, Stewart Campbell, William Conlin, James Dornan, Shaffer Dever, Alexander Ewing, Henry Ewing, Alexander Flanegan, Thomas J. Foster, Jabob R. Fleegel, Abram Funkhouser, John M. Green, John C. Gibb, James Hood, John W. Hall, William B. Hall, Robert Hall, Frank Hamilton, Thomas Hughes, William W. Herron, Robert Hutchinson, Ezehiel Inman, William Kennedy, Samuel Kevan, David Keifer, Henry H. Keifer, Robert Laughlin, Wilson M. Latham, Jos. W. Lawrence, Silas D. Lockhatt, James M. Lutton, William Martin, James H. Melvin, Thomas E. Moore, Andrew R. Miller, David Minesinger, Samuel W. Miller, John H. Moore, Samuel Minesinger, William Morrison, John Mahoney, James Miller, William Metz, Gabriel Miller, Thos. M. McCready, Alex. L. McKibben, Washington McHenry, James M. McClure, William McCleary, James McPhillips, William J. Parks, William Parkinson, William A. Ramsey, John A. Robb, George M. Shingles, James P. Smart, Samuel Swearingen, Joseph Swearingen, David G. Scott, Alex. W. Shannon, Samuel Smith, Garrett Standish, John Summerville, Alfred W. Standish, Robert G. Savage, Junius M. Strouss, Hezekiah W. Swaney, Samuel Torrence, James A. Taggert, Thomas F. Thronburg, William H. Uncapher, Jasper Whims, Newton Whims, Joshua K. Whims, William Wherry, David R. Whitehill, William Yolton and John Yolton.

Names of Hookstown boys who belonged to Company H: Samuel S. Kerr, Austin Miller, Walter M. Lawrence, John G. Robb, James McD. Mitchell, Alexander Greer, John S. Bryan, Frank D. Kerr, Harry J. Boyde, John Blackmore, Samuel W. Barnes, Samuel Chapman, John W. Hall, Joseph W. Lawrence, James H. Melvin, David M. Minesinger, Samuel W. Miller, William Morrison, Gabriel Miller, James M. McClure, William H. Uncapher, Frank Woodrow, William Calhoon and Samuel Swearingen.

The following named of Company H came from Greene, Hanover and Raccoon Townships: Marcus Rormond, Samuel Campbell, John B. Vance, Addison Lance, William B. Thornburg, Arthur Shields, Joseph Moody, Robert M. Galbraith, John Nickle, William Ewing, Thomas N. Thornburg, Gibson Hood, John Purdy, Joseph Calhoon, Charles M. McCoy, James Finnegan, George Summerville, John W. Stevens, William B. Hall, Robert Hall, Ezekiel Inman, William Kennedy, Wilson W. Latham, Silas D. Lockhart, John W. Moore, Samuel Minesinger, William Metz, Washington McHenry, William J. Parks, William A. Ramsey, James P. Smart, Alexander W. Shannon, John Summerville, Junius M. Strouss, James A. Taggert, William Wherry, David R. Whitehill, George Fox, Thomas J. Miller, Richard M. Crouse, Timothy Shane, Richard Shane, Hugh Q. Adams, John G. Adams, James H. Babb, Thomas Bryerly, William Brunton, James H. Beal, Samuel W. E. Byers, Johnston Berlin, William G. Cowan, James Cameron, Chris Cameron, James Hood, Frank Hamilton, Robert Hutchinson, Samuel Kevan, Robert Laughlin, James M. Lutton, Andrew R. Miller, John Mahoney, Alex. L. McKibben, William McCleery, William Parkinson, John A. Robb, Joseph Swearingen, Samuel Smith, Alfred W. Standish, Hezekiah W. Swaney, Thomas F. Thornburg, Joshua K. Whims, William Yolton, William M. Carothers, John Criswell, James Crooks, William Crooks, William O. Custer, Andrew A. Carothers, David B. Coffee, George W. Cain, Stewart Campbell, William Conlin, James Dornan, Shaffer Dever, Alexander Ewing, Henry Ewing, Alexander Flanegan, Thomas J. Foster, Jacob R. Fleegel, Abram Funkhouser, John M. Green, John C. Gibb, Thomas Hughes, William W. Herron, David Keifer, Henry Keifer, William Martin, Thomas E. Moore, James Miller, Thomas S. McCready, James Mc. Phillips, William Purdy, George M. Shingles, David G. Scott,

Garrett Standish, Robert G. Savage, Samuel Torrence, Jasper Whims, Newton Whims and John Yolton.

Names of boys who enlisted in other companies and regiments who lived in Hookstown at time of enlistment: Rev. Robt. S. Morton, Marion Blackmore, Samuel Lawrence, John Cain, Samuel Penny, Henry Whitehill, Joseph Allison, James Harsha, Emmet Trimble, Basil Swearingen, Frank Donehoo, Harry Donehoo, John Dolby, James S. Knowles, Richard Little, Daniel Donehoo, Vincent Conkle, William Conkle, Robert Conkle, William Whitehill, Mac. Ramsey, William Henry, William Little, John S. Little, Jos. Swearingen, William Penny, Aaron Penny, James Whitehill, John Ramsey and Thomas Greer.

SOUTH SIDE MEN IN WORLD WAR

Allison, Homer M.—October 5, 1917. Camps Sherman, Mills, Merritt, Dix. Supply C, 323rd field artillery, 83rd Div. Served Grand Montagne, Argonne Forrest. May 27, 1919.

Beal, Ernest D.—June 26, 1918. Sherman and Dix. Headquarters Co., 333rd Field Artillery, 79th Div. June 4, 1919.

Bryan, Wallace—June 23, 1917. Company G 4th Infantry, 3rd Div. Aisne, Marne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Argonne and Verdun. Wounded and gassed in Argonne October 17, 1918.

Bryan, Robert R.—June, 1918. Camp Taylor and Meade. Chaplain 32nd, Field Artillery, 1919.

Bryan, Edwin C.—February, 1918. 332rd Infantry. Camp Sherman.

Kitson, George—1918.

Laughlin, Robert P.—Dec., 1917. Camp Sherman, Battery B, 323rd Field Artillery, April 28, 1918.

Laughlin, Dean.

McDonald, Frank—Severely wounded.

Moore, Philip—June, 1918, 32nd Field Artillery. Camp Meade, 1919.

Nickle, Charles Leroy—Camp Mills and Sherman, April 25, 1918. Company B, 112th Infantry, 28th Div. St. Mihiel, Verdun, Argonne Forest, Killed in action. Buried in American cemetery at Exermont, France.

Nelson, Harold M.—Enlisted at East Liverpool, O., Dec. 11, 1917. In Air Service, San Antonio, Texas. Kelly Field and

Hempstead, N. Y. Discharged in France, May 12, 1919., with rank of sergeant.

Richmond, Lester James—October 5, 1917. Camp Lee, Shelby, 308th Machine Gun Battalion, 78th Div., May 16, 1919. Shane,

Swearingen, Charles R.—October 2, 1917. Camp Funston, Kearney, Mills, Merritt. Headquarters Company, 160th Infantry, 40th Div., July 10, 1919.

Swearingen, Jas. Emery—February 23, 1918. Camp Taylor. Died April 6, 1918.

Swearingen, Ennis B.—May 27, 1918. Camp Gordan, Co. B, 26th Infantry. Wounded, Verdun, March 20, 1919.

Shamp, Raymond, E.—October 5, 1917. Camp Dix., 323rd Field Artillery. May 27, 1919.

Wright, William Roy—September 19, 1918. Camps Sherman, Mills, Dix. Supply Co., 323rd Filed Artillery, 83rd Div. Meuse-Argonne. July 15, 1919.

Torrence, George—332nd Infantry. Camp Sherman, 1918.

Campbell, Joe.—332nd Infantry. Camp Sherman.

HOOKSTOWN BOY VISITS BATTLEFIELDS AND CEMETERY

By Rev. Robt. Raymond Bryan

In connection with this War's record, we are publishing a write-up by one of our Hookstown boys, Robert Raymond Bryan, who was Chaplain of the 32nd Field Artillery, during the War, and who visited some of the battlefields and the Meuse-Argonne cemetery in France in 1922. This cemetery is the one in which Charles Leroy Nickle, who was killed in action in the Argonne, is buried.

"I have been to the battlefields of France and I have seen something of the aftermath of the hell of war. When I first set foot in France at Cherbourg on July 14th, I had a lump in my throat and somehow it always seems to be there while I remain here and think of all that France has passed through and think also of our own boys who passed through part of it with her.

"On Friday August 4th, after making plans with Cook's for a two days' tour of the battlefields I went out to the Bureau of Graves, Avenue A' Iena, to look up the location of the graves of several of my friends. I was treated with the utmost courtesy at this office and found the attendants there very anxious to do everything possible for the comfort of those whose loved ones had fallen in France. Through this office I learned many interesting things concerning the matter of the burial and identification of the boys. While 45,000 bodies have been shipped to the States, 35,000 still sleep in France where they fell. And after seeing the largest of our six American cemeteries, the beauty of it and the care that it is receiving I am glad that these 35,000 at least have been left here and I hope they shall never be disturbed. Possibly 2000 have never been identified but hope for some has not yet been abandoned. One mother was able to identify the body of her son by a broken bone which he had suffered many years before. And so by such meagre means many have been and will be identified. I was told of one Britisher who is still living—yet unidentified. He has lost his memory totally though other-

wise he seems to be mentally normal. He cannot remember his own name or anything concerning himself. One of his comrades recognized his face but could not name him or give any information concerning him. Consequently he remains unidentified. There are two or three similar instances.

Well I learned that Dan Smart, Roy Nickle and Sam Gillespie were all buried in the Meuse-Argonne cemetery near the village of Romagne and I was so glad that our two days' tour would include a visit to this cemetery, where 14,000 of the boys are permanently buried.

We had gotten our first idea of the devastated villages of France as we were coming from Munich to Paris. We passed through many villages and towns like Chateau-Thierry, Bar-le-Duc (headquarters of General Petain), etc. We saw many demolished churches and houses. But in most of these restoration was well on the way.

Saturday, August 5th at 7:55 A. M. we took the train for Rheims, passing through many villages which had been shelled, and arriving at Rheims about ten o'clock. There we took an automobile—seven altogether in our party, the three Mitchells, Mrs. Forsberg, a dressmaker from Worcester, Mass., our guide, the driver and myself. Our guide was really very good. He had been all through the war himself, had lost a brother among the missing of Verdun and his wife also had lost a brother. He himself was fairly well educated, having begun the study of medicine and taken a year's work at Oxford. He had some property but it is in jeopardy now. He says it will be all right if Germany is made to pay and if Germany does not pay, then it will all be lost. He had a very attrative wife and little girl Christian, whom we met at Vienna-de-Chateau, where we had lunch both Saturday and Sunday.

We did not stop to see Rheims on the way out as we had to hurry in order to reach Verdun by nightfall. Going through however we had our first glimpse of the Cathedral and the town which had been the mark for German shells all during the war. There were 5000 houses in Rheims and only 35 were left intact. It was surely a great mass of ruins, and reconstruction there was not well under way. We passed out of Rheims into the war torn

battlefields which were more and more terrible to see as we passed on towards Verdun. There were miles and miles of fields that were cut through and through with trenches, sometimes with only a few yards between them. Most of the way out to Verdun we drove along the German side of the fields. Coming back we were on the French side of the line. Village after village had been entirely destroyed. Of some not even a stone remained. We knew there had been a village only because the guide pointed out its former location. In many others there were parts of walls and piles of stones now somewhat overgrown by weeds and trees and bushes. Always was the church in ruins. It seems to have been the first object of attack. In many instances we could see that the church had been very beautiful. These French villages I think had never been very attractive. Of course their old stone houses and red roofs were interesting. Where had the inhabitants of these villages gone? In some instances a few people had come back to live among these ruins. In other instances rebuilding was going on by means of loans provided by the government. But many of these villages will never again be anything but names. It was so easy to picture the scenes about which I used to read during the war—old men, women and little children making their way along the road from one village to another as the news had come that the Boches were pressing down upon their village. Some of these old folks still live in awful poverty among the ruins of their former homes.

All along the way one could see how much of the country had been forest covered or had had a goodly number of trees but now the trees or stumps of trees are dead—standing all along the way as monuments to the barbarism of the Hun. At Mount Moret we stopped to enter a German dugout. With lighted candles we descended into it and passed around. They were well made—those German dugouts and gave evidence to the fact that the Germans expected to be there for a long time. We saw the bedrooms with fairly comfortable looking beds and wooden chairs and many evidences of comforts in so far as comforts were possible to those living under such conditions. There was the central light plant providing electric light for these trenches in this vicinity.

All along the way my eyes were filled with tears and my heart,

I fear, with hatred for a people who could perpetrate such barbarous cruelty upon a poor unprepared populace such as lived in these villages. There were the fields and fields of poppies which somehow God seems to have made to bloom in memory of these boys. Every here and there very often indeed were the patches of white crosses where the boys are sleeping their last sleep, having heard the call of "Taps" and awaiting the sound of "Reveille." There were also many German cemeteries—some the Germans themselves had made and some had been made and cared for by the French. It is kind of the Frenchmen to look after these German dead but it is the Frenchman's way. He has the profoundest respect for death.

We penetrated the great Argonne Forest which is six and a half miles wide and very, very long. As we went along we passed miles and miles of German dugouts one beside and above another. We stopped to see that of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. It was very wonderfully made with all the comforts of home—a fire place which had been partly marble. The walls had been partly lined with wood. It was well plastered and nicely decorated. That was the way he lived while he sent his men to kill and be killed. The Crown Prince of Germany, if he ever came to the front lived even better. He had a marble bath room in his dugout. Chaplain Smith of Romagne told us that the Crown Prince maintained ten different establishments in one town where he lived. Once when some of his dissolute women desired to see a battle he took them out where they could watch his own men being slaughtered. Not much wonder his people hated him.

Our next important stop was Vienne-de-Chateau, where we had lunch in the headquarters of the 308th Infantry (77th Division, I think). And then we went on to the Meuse-Argone cemetery near the village of Romaque. Here formerly rested twenty-eight thousand of our boys and now fourteen thousand are there permanently buried. It is beautifully located on a high plateau just near the village of Romagne.

Under Montfaucon, commands a view for miles and miles of all that territory over which was carried on some of the fiercest fighting of the war. At first the graves were only two feet apart. Now they are six. At first the crosses faced the side. Now they face the entrance of the cemetery. We found there a young

lieutenant and chaplain (Major) Smith and a hostess (an attrative Canadian woman), at the Hostess House. Chaplain Smith took me to the graves of Roy Nickle of Hookstown (Private in 16th Infantry), Dan Smart (Chaplain), and Sam Gillespie (Sgt. Maj.), of Erie. There we had a brief prayer at each grave for these boys and especially for their families. To me it was a solemn moment. I was so glad to be able to visit these graves in "America's White Acres," these spots in France which shall be hereafter forever Americas. So long as America stands the Stars and Stripes shall wave above them and care shall be taken of the graves of those who gave their all for humanity. Soon the white crosses are to be replaced by marble slabs. Trees and hedges are being planted all around. And years from now when thousands shall pilgrimage to this spot they will find it one of the loveliest places of earth. There side by side without any distinction of rank or position lie "our own." May they rest in peace until "Reveille" shall call them forth again to the love and embraces of those from whom they are now separated. It would have been good to have stayed longer with them. The Chaplain and Lieutenant were glad to see us and treated us royally. They are very lonesome sometimes as they watch for us beside our dead in France.

We had to hurry on for there was much more to see before night fall brings us to Verdun. We climbed to the top of Montfaucon from whence they say one can see Rheims, fifty miles away. On a clear day. We saw what once was the Crown Prince's observatory there on top. The village was totally destroyed. Only a few crumbling walls still stand. It will not be rebuilt on the top but at the foot of the mountain. It was near here that Wallace was wounded. The 79th Division which had just preceded us in Camp Meade took back this mountain from the Germans. Near here was Cuirel which was taken by the 3rd Divison to which Wallace belonged.

Our next interesting stop was Bayonet Trench where 132 French soldiers were buried alive. Their bayonets—many of them still project forth from the earth and under them are those boys. Some of them were removed and buried elsewhere. On this spot Mr. Rand of Buffalo, has erected a memorial. Two or three days after visiting this place, Mr. Rand himself was killed and his children went on with this memorial which he had

planned to erect. There ought to be measures taken to care for this place as tourists come and pull out and carry away these bayonets for souvenirs.

From there we passed on up the Ravine of Death to a little chapel. After the battle of Verdun they say this whole valley was covered with bones as numerous as the stones in the road. 400,000 men were killed in and around Verdun. Not more than 35,000 or 50,000 were identified. Even now they still find bones of men who were killed. Hence this little chapel where these bones have been placed in boxes as they have been picked up. There is a box for each sector of the battlefield and that is as near identification as they have come. In the chapel are more than 160 of these boxes and each contains the bones of 60 men. It was a solemn sight. Our guide was much impressed. His brother was killed near here and never identified. So perhaps some of his bones are here. The chapel is in charge of Catholics. They are collecting money with which it is planned to erect Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and Mohammedan chapels on this spot—all these because all are largely represented among the lost.

That chapel was a gloomy place and when we came out the sky was black with the clouds of an approaching storm. Suddenly it seemed so at least, God placed a beautiful rainbow across those clouds, and it seemed symbolical. France and the world have certainly been under a cloud in these past years but God is behind it, keeping watch above his own. One day the clouds shall scatter and we shall be able to understand why it came and to see the clear blue of His love.

The rain began to descend in torrents as we went down the hill into Verdun. We passed a French soldier who excitedly asked of our driver if he had seen anything of a horse—his own—which had gone off and left him.

We went to the Hostelleries-de-Cog-Hardi in Verdun where we had comfortable sleeping quarters but poor food. I went out over the old shattered town a little. As I passed the people I sometimes shivered either with pity or with fear. They seemed so poor and unkept and distressed. After writing to the three mothers whose boys' graves we had visited that day I went to bed.

We rose rather early Sunday and at 9 o'clock started back over the shell torn, trench covered fields towards Rheims.

HOOKSTOWN HOME COMING ADDRESS

By W. D. McCartney

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Being a dirt farmer and not gifted with the oratorial powers of many of our brethern of like age and similar dimensions, I feel my inability to interest you as have and will the brethern aforesaid, and this feeling is strengthened by the fact that it was not until three o'clock today that any mention was made to me that a talk was expected from this source and when such a request was received from your chairman I was reminded of the story concerning the little boy who attended a Sunday School outing and who was attracted by a nearby stream and decided to have his chief fun in fishing. He therefore took his place on a sod creek bank and with rod, line and bait, started his search for the finny, when the bank suddenly gave way and he was plunged into the water. As he came clambering up the bank wet and bedrabbled his teacher came along and in wonder exclaimed, "Why Johnnie! How did you come to fall in?" to which Johnnie replied with some sarcasm and between sobs; "' didn't come to fall in, I come to fish," which anecdote fittingly illustrates my attitude as I came expecting to listen rather than orate.

However I would be unappreciative to the nth degree did I not take advantage of the opportunity offered to voice my heartfelt gratitude to the residents of this good, old vicinity who so graciously conceived and ably executed the plans for this Home Coming Week and feel sure I voice the united sentiment of your guests when I say that his occasion has been laden with much pleasure and has privileged us to meet and mingle with our childhood friends—some of us possibly for the last time—and we want you to know that we consider this event one of the best acts ever performed by this ever charitable community.

Should I attempt to make an address it would be necessary to outline my sermon in "heads" as did our former religious teachers so that when we reached the "third place" we knew there was less than another half hour until "finally my brethern."

With memory as my guide and this audience as my inspiration I might recall some of the incidents of my early life in this vicinity asking your indulgence for an occasional reference to this paper

on which I have jotted down some facts, and if I refer to any who have passed away, using the names familiary called in youth, it will be without thought of ridicule or any disrespect intended.

One of our Pittsburgh papers has a column entitled "Who remembers" which is always a source of interest as it frequently brings back a forgotten page and for the time permits us to see the picture of other days, so I am going to use this heading as my trade mark and ask, educationally who remembers when James Whitham taught the young ideas and was very insistent on daily vocal exercises, including deep breathing and vocalizing the vowels as A, Augh, Ah, etc. Or when Annie Beal had a summer school in Stevenson's school house and we saw more of the birds and squirrels than we did of our lessons.

Who remembers when Frank Kerr whipped Bill Thompson and the speaker, as we felt unjustly, for talking about a lesson and the School Board met in the school room to investigate and we then hoped they would give Thompson and myself a chance to whip Kerr but—they didn't.

Who remembers when Mary Johnson could stand up and work orally any question in Dean's Mental Arithmetic, the envy and admiration of all of us less gifted.

Who remembers when John Thompson taught writing with much success and when a young lady, whose name I can't recall at the moment but who boarded with Mr. Fronk, taught a system of philosophy which some of us recall with interest. Among her beliefs was one on memory which appealed to me as poetic when she claimed that we never actually forgot any thing received through the five senses but that a photographic plate was made of all received and stored in the warehouse of memory to be pulled out by accident or will but always ready for panoramic view.

Religiously, who remembers the old U. P. church and its removal when my sainted father built the present structure and at 64 years of age walked along the top plate on the lower side of the new building directing the work while his youthful heir watched from the ground and with tearful eyes and frightened voice invoked caution lest he fall.

Who remembers when tokens were given to the faithful in the U. P. church entitling them to receive the sacrament and the

absence of such token meant no communion unless good and sufficient reason was tendered the elders for previous absence and lack of preparation. In passing I might note that these tokens were made of thin lead sheet about three quarters of an inch square and were just right for bending around a fishing line for a sinker. I know because I have used them.

Who remembers when in prayer meeting two lines of a psalm were read by the leader, sung by those assembled and two more given for like service.

Memory here recalls a time when the U. P. church was without a pastor and only "Supplies" available. My father's name appeared on the church documents as secretary of the session and when a new preacher, usually a theological student, came to Hookstown to fill the pulpit he naturally asked for John McCartney and when housed our chickens took to the tall timbers. One such youth having an assignment of two Sundays elected to remain at our house through the week—for sweet charity's sake. This novice was somewhat of a fashion plate in dress and inclined to silence and reading which did not meet my good mother's ideals. One morning the young man called down stairs and asked if we had a shoe horn or in its absence a "case knife." Mother had knives but was not wise to the "shoe horn" subject so taking the knife upstairs she was angered to see the young man use it to get his oxfords on, when she remarked with customary frankness: "If you would get shoes large enough you wouldn't have that trouble."

Who remembers Frank Boyd and his periodical though sincere return to the fold during revivals in the Methodist church and his equally and very human "slipping from grace."

Without any levity we must admit that ye olden time, and doubtless today, there was dispensed in the various churches of the village a pure brand of Christianity very largely followed by church members whose example we might do well to follow in these days.

There was not much toleration in some things religious as I heard a Presbyterian minister in Hookstown proclaim the theory of infant damnation as a fixed belief. Secret orders were taboo and when Frank Ramsey rode into town one evening with his Odd Fellow regalia on I was led to believe he was the incarnation

of the Devil and it was a safe hiding place for me until he was out of sight, since which time, by experience, I have learned, as did Rev. Wallace Petty, who came across the continent on a train with some race horse men, the difference between a race horse man and a Sunday school superintendent: "They sin differently."

Who remembers the epidemic of scarlet fever and diptheria which so seriously decimated the young people among them being the two young sons of Dr. Anderson.

As merchants, who recalls John Todd, the wool buyer, with his Dolly Varden fast horse, John Ramsey who didn't "care a baubee," Tom Swearingen and his line of aromatic drugs; Matthew Anderson who would say: "Eight cents each or three for a quarter" and usually sold the quarters worth; Gibb Wilson and his wonderful vein of humor and ability to jest and Big (Wilbert) Todd who became interested in athletics through efforts of Paul Rudert and who tied himself on a horizontal bar, as a safety first method, and had to be released by others after considerable delay and sincere pleading on his part and humerous questioning on the part of his tormentors.

In panorama I see Jim Melvin and his funny little smile; Herb Fuller and his great length; Daniel Cloud and his biblical questions with gold pieces as rewards; Tommy Moore the postmaster with his avidity for postal cards and who once described a journey made by some one to the west coast as: "They went to San Fran See Co by way of the Northern Pass if ik"; Doc Anderson and his team of fine sorrels; Johnny Cowling and his huckster wagon; Sam Nelson, beloved by all for his genial spirit; Samuel Lawrence and the wonderful steam syphon used in tanning; Doc. McFeeters and the human skeleton he kept in his office; John Sutherland with his quaint tools for tinning; Sam Kevan and his contagious chuckle; Marion Blackmore with a wealth of bass music at his command; Jim Wines and his cornet; Grandmother Gibb and her fine mush; Auntie Henry with her clay pipe and undaunted faith in God.

Such a reverie could go on indefinitely but I know I have already trespassed on your patience and wearied you with my talk so will close by again voicing my grateful thanks to all who made this occasion possible and the prayer "God be with you till we meet again."

NOTES TAKEN FROM ADDRESS

Rev. J. O. Campbell, D. D.

Publisher's Note: Dr. Campbell was so well informed upon the history and genealogy of the early settlers of the South Side that he had not prepared a written address and was not able to give it out for publication, however, in a letter which he has written since, we shall endeavor to give some excerpts taken therefrom. We recall he had some very old documents and receipts which he displayed. Among these was a receipt for postage given his grandfather, Arthur Campbell by postmaster Samuel McFerran at Hookstown, Pa., and dated April 10th, 1840. We shall quote from Dr. Campbell's letter as follows: "The early settlers of the South Side came from Maryland, South Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware, mainly in the track of the march of the English Army under Lord Howe, which finally resulted in the defeat of the American forces under Washington, at the crossing of the Brandywine, and the capture of Philadelphia in 1777. Mathias Hook came from the eastern shore of Maryland. Old Henry Craig and my great grandfather, William Campbell, came from near the head of Elk in 1778 and settled on Uncle Jim's and Aunt Margaret's place. Just above on what was called the Jimmy Craig place, my great great-grandfather, Wm. Vance, settled from southeastern Pennsylvania.

The original Trimbles came from Baltimore, as did the Shanes and the Bryans. Old Timothy Shane worked in a store at Baltimore, and enlisted in the American Army from there in 1776, and settled back over the hill from the Bryans on what came to be known as the Jane Thorn place. The Bryans came from a farm on the Brandywine, where they settled in 1750. The Bryans in the fall of 1777 migrated westward and settled near the mouth of Service Creek.

Old Service Church was started in the home of Matthew Nelson, on the old Sam Nelson place. The old sapling church was built on the farm known now as the John Campbell place. About 1795 a better log church was built on the present site of Service Church. My great-grandmother Campbell who died in 1802 was buried in the church yard near the present Service grave yard.

Beaver County, erected in 1802, was carved out of Washington County. Originally Washington County took in all the South Side of the river. Allegheny County in 1789 and 1790 took in the South Side of the river. Old Timothy Shane, for instance got the patent for his land from Allegheny County, some time after 1780.

The first census taken in 1790 will give information on many of these old settlers. It can be seen in the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh. It has been published by the Government and can possibly be obtained from your representative in Congress.

ADDRESS OF ALLEN McDONALD

of Chester, W. Va., an old time resident of the South Side, Beaver County, Pa.

Mr. McDonald first paid his regards to the many old friends and neighbors of this community, and complimented the Committee upon their successfully planning and carrying out the present "Home Coming." He spoke of the pleasure and real value resulting from such a great reunion as the "Home Coming Week" and stressed the fact that after all "There is no place like home." He took as the basis of his address the "Reminiscences of the past seventy years."

In 1796, a ship sailed from Inverness, Scotland, carrying my grand parents and their family of four children. Grandmother died on the voyage, and was buried at sea. My father was at this time only four years of age; three months were required in crossing the ocean, as the vessel was driven by sails. On their arrival in this county, the little family settled in Greene township, four miles east of Hookstown, on what was known as the Morris farm, north of Pittsburgh road. It is now owned by the Ramsey brothers. My grandparents attended worship at the Mill Creek Presbyterian Church. In 1827, they purchased a farm of one hundred forty acres in Hanover Township from a man by the name of Scott, at a price of eight hundred dollars. At present the farm is owned by Mr. Al Temple.

Our school term seventy years ago was of four months duration. I attended the Little Red School House on the hill something over one mile away. The path lay through wooded land, and I was compelled to climb over stake-and-rider fences, and trudge through or over great snow drifts in the winter. At that time country schools were well attended; of the fifty or more pupils who met in the old schoolhouse in that day, only three are now living—Mrs. Belle (Moore) Nickel, who is here tonight, John Moore of Wellsville, Ohio, and myself. I can say I never had a whipping in school, although some times perhaps I needed one very badly. I attribute my good fortune largely to an old gentleman who resided in our school district and who kept a small store. He had some knowledge of law and was known as a

"Pettifogger," and often adjusted differences between neighbors, such as trouble over a sheep-killing dog, or disputes concerning the location of a line fence. He used to say there were only two points in law: One was to prove well; the other was to deny well. I took advantage of this latter counsel, and saved my back.

In those old days, we had a number of most excellent teachers. Among the many, I must mention one who lived and died in Hookstown—his name was Martin Reed. He it was who required us to commit at least two questions of the shorter catechism each week and also certain portions of Scripture; we were required to repeat the same to him on Monday mornings. At present, the Bible is not permitted to be read in the public schools of six states of these United States. We certainly would be thankful if the school directors of the year 1924 could give us such good old teachers as Martin Reed.

Many changes are also to be noted in the business world. Fashions and manner of dress are surely quite different today, and in the matter of living expenses, comparisons are quite startling. Stores were few and far between in those days and men in covered wagons often came through the country, gathering up the country produce, paying the farmers for it, and disposing of it in the towns and cities. I was at a neighbor's house one morning when such a peddler came along, and the conversation ran something like this: "Aunt Susan, I have good news for you this morning! The market is up. I can pay eight cents a dozen for eggs and a "fip and a bit" for butter." "Well, well, that is fine." answered the good woman. The peddler then asked what she could take in exchange, and she replied: "Give me a half pound of brown sugar, and the balance in snuff."

I remember how the young ladies used to walk two and three miles, through fields, to church. They would go barefoot, carrying their shoes under their arms, until they came near the place of worship. Then they would sit down somewhere, rub the dust from their feet, and put on their shoes before going into the building. Even at that, they were much more fortunate than I was, for I had to barefoot both into and out of the house of worship; for the good reason that I had no shoes at all. Yes, times have changed. Now the ladies ride to church in fine sedans, if they live only one square from the church, and far too many times

they do not attend services at all, but spend the Sabbath day in their automobiles on the great highways.

Yes, the prices of different commodities have undergone great changes since those years when there was no mowing machines or hay loaders, and grass had to be cut with a mowing scythe and gathered by a hand rake. I well remember seventy years ago, when I was only a lad of eleven years, I was sent to Hookstown—this place where I stand tonight—from our old home in Hanover Township nearly four miles away. My errand was to get a gallon of whiskey and my instructions were: "Get the best old rye." When my vessel was filled and I asked the price, the man who sold it said: "I shall charge you fifty cents, my boy." I would not give that gallon of liquor tonight for all the moonshine made in Greene Township; during the last three years. In that day, matches had hardly come into use. I remember of going a good half mile to get a shovel of coals to start the breakfast fire with.

Some of our citizens of the South Side have filled very important offices; the Judiciary has been filled by such able men as Judge Reddick, who presided over the Beaver County Courts and rode horseback to his home in Hanover Township, a distance of twenty-five miles. He is credited with making the ablest charge to a jury that was ever made in a court up to that day. It was my intention to secure a copy of this charge, the only copy being in possession of Hon. Jacob Weand, an old time friend, but as he and his family have been called away by death, I was unable to procure it, as I could not ascertain who has it now. Judge Reddick was eccentric. I have visited his grave many times; it is located exactly on the Pennsylvania and West Virginia State line, and was put there according to his wish. A stone wall some four feet high surrounds the place. He was a great horseman, having a race track on his farm.

Other judges of these days were the Hon. Henry Hice; Judge J. M. Swearingen, of the Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County; Seward Thompson, Judge of the United States Federal Court, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sheriffs who filled office from the South Side were: John Roberts, a brother of Col. Richard Roberts, who lost his life at Gettysburg, probably the most bloddy battle of the Civil War;

also General John Little, who lived in Hookstown at one time after the War and was elected sheriff of Beaver County. When his term of office was over, he purchased a farm in South Beaver Township where he lived and died.

The Legislature Halls were ably filled by such men as the Hon. Thomas Nickelson; Hon. Robert Sterling, and others. Among the many eminent Divines of this Township were Revs. Harry Swearingen, John Hood, Joseph Calhoun, Johnston Calhoun, W. D. Calhoun, John Greer, Bert Allison, Jimmie Swaney, and A. M. Buchanan. Some of these mentioned received a part of their education in the Hookstown Academy when it was taught by the late Alexander Calvert.

We must not forget our Home Missionaries, who made a real sacrifice and went to foreign fields. Among these are Miss Eliza Calhoun, Rev. W. D. Mercer, and Miss Willa Ramsey, who went to India. The Rev. Stephen A. Hunter, who ministered for a time to the people at Mill Creek Church, went as a missionary to China. I have heard him tell of his life being frequently threatened by the heathen people of that great, sin cursed country.

In the Civil War, Green Township also did her part, by the sending out of her noble young men. Some of them never returned, others were wounded and maimed for life, and others came through unscarred. The Township was again represented in the Spanish-American War, and in the World War, many fathers and mothers again gave up their sons. As in the case of other wars, so here, some were spared to return home, some were wounded and scarred, and others never shall return, but their bodies rest tonight in honor in Flander's Field. Those who stayed at the home likewise "did their bit." I have a personal knowledge of a number of the citizens of this Township who helped along financially, by purchasing Liberty Bonds at their comparatively low rate of interest, and by "carrying on" in general at home.

But to go further back again, we find that in the year 1834 there was organized by a few adherents, a congregation called Tomilsons Run. It was so named from the stream near by, which flows through Greene Township, and is known by that name. The first church building was erected at a cost of three hundred dollars, and the Rev. Mr. McCarrel was called to the pastoral oversight of the congregation at an annual salary of two hundred dollars.

Here he served faithfully for sixteen years, and his body rests tonight in the little cemetery back of the church building, surrounded by the great sentinel trees. One of his sons, who was a soldier in the Civil War, was taken prisoner and died in Andersonville Prison. Death was partly at least, due to exposure and starvation.

The organization of the Greene Township Farmers' Club was perfected in 1883, by the late Andrew Watterson of Ohio Township. It had for its purpose the development of a better community spirit, better co-operation, and the introduction of intelligent methods of agriculture in the farming community. Debates were held, speeches were heard, and matters of general interest concerning grain growing, planting of clovers and grasses, and stock raising, were discussed. After two years time, it was decided to have a stock show and a combination sale. The committee appointed to secure a suitable place for such an exhibition was as follows: Uncle Samuel Nelson, and the speaker. We succeeded in securing the Alexander Nickel farm near the Mill Creek cemetery and Cross Roads. The first exhibition was held some time the last of August in 1885. The enterprise was a grand success in every way, both in attendance and the quality of the exhibition. No money premiums were offered. Mr. Nickel had charge of the dinner, and the good women, all of whom have since been called to the better home, surely furnished a meal which did credit to them. The celebrated Hookstown Band entertained on that day, led by Professor Clark Thompson. Some of the members were Jas. S. McDonald, and the Laughlin Brothers. One of the principal speakers on the occasion was the Hon. P. A. Pugh of Fairview, W. Va. He was a farmer as well as a business man and agriculturalist, and kept his farm in the best condition of any farm in Hancock County.

This exhibition was the forerunner of the celebrated Hookstown fair. On March 15, 1886, the application for the first charter was signed by W. L. Reed, Allen McDonald, R. M. Swaney, John McDonald, J. B. Swaney, W. S. Swearingen and R. T. Reed. All but T. R. Reed and John McDonald are living at this date.

Application for Articles of Association of the Mill Creek Valley Agricultural Association Limited, bears the following names:

J. B. Swaney, R. M. Swaney, R. T. Reed, J. E. Craig, John Laughlin, Samuel Moody, Geo. W. Reynolds, H. C. Leeper, John Nelson, J. M. Fleming, Robert Leeper, H. W. Nelson, Levi Beals, Jas. H. Beals, John McDonald, Allen McDonald, W. T. Reed, James Campbell, Wm. Campbell, Samuel H. Leeper, S. D. Torrence, T. A. Clifton, J. E. Craig, A. C. McCoy, J. E. Kennedy, Joseph Mercer, James Orr, J. A. Ewing, J. H. McCoy, Mac Campbell, J. H. Stewart, Dr. McPheters, H. R. Massey, James McKinley, W. S. Stevenson. Of this number nineteen are not living. R. M. Swaney, Esq., was secretary of the organization for twenty one years.

The last association, called the Hookstown Fair Association, Limited, was organized July 1st, 1905, and bore the following Signatures: W. S. Stevenson, C. F. Makall, Allen McDonald, Samuel E. Calhoun, James R. Stewart, Clark Thompson, James B. McDonald, J. P. Swearingen and Thos. C. Glenn. The president of the association was Clark Thompson, and the secretary was Allen McDonald.

In closing these reminiscences of the last seventy years, I will give you, although in a feeble way it must be, my campmeeting story.

Some forty years ago, over at Burgettstown, the colored brethern were holding a great camp meeting. It was being conducted in a beautiful grove near town, and in order to help defray expenses, there was a general admission charge of ten cents. While it was a meeting specially for colored folks, yet I believe it is safe to say there was as many, perhaps more, white folks present than there were blacks. I myself heard three most excellent discourses, after each of which, the hat was passed around for a donation. This was in the morning. In the afternoon, at the close of another discourse, around came the hat again. This time the collection must have been quite liberal, for the colored brethern who led the meeting was very much pleased. After thanking the audience for their close attention and liberal offering, he said: "My wish is that you may live always and that I will never die."

Good night.

SPORTING EVENTS

By B. C. LAUGLIN

During Old Home Week the main sporting events were the base ball games. The Hookstown team, under the management of B. C. Laughlin, arranged games with all neighboring towns, and starting with Midland, Saturday, August 14th, Hookstown won by the score of 18 to 0. Monday, Shippingport brought their team to Hookstown and were defeated 15 to 0. But Tuesday, Florence, Pa., with considerable help from Burgettstown and surrounding towns, brought one of the best teams ever seen in Hookstown and after nine hard fought innings of wonderful base ball, the home team was again the winner by the score of 4 to 2. Wednesday their old rival from Industry, plum full of confidence, with an imported pitcher from Rochester named Denton, lined up against the fast going Hookstowners, but Industry blew up and was easily defeated by the score of 17 to 3. By this time praises could be heard every where of the Hookstown wonderful base ball club. On Thursday, August 21st, Manager Laughlin had Hans Wagner and his All Stars from Pittsburgh, for the attraction. This proved to be the biggest day in Hookstown's history. These games were played on a fourteen acre ball ground and at one time over 5000 people were on hand to witness the game. Every available space on the grounds and in town was used up for parking cars, wagons, buggies, etc. It surely was a great and warm day, and to think that Hookstown was to play against Hans Wagner, who was without a doubt the greatest ball player that ever lived, at his or any other time. Hookstown started after these big fellows at the beginning and got a big lead, but Wagner fought hard and at the end of nine innings the score was tied at 14 apiece. In the tenth inning, Wagner scored two runs. Things looked bad for Hookstown and the home crowd looked pretty blue. But big things were about to happen. Hays started with a single. Dawson flew to second. Robert Mackall got on first on an error. Bailey hit to short, who threw to second, catching Mackall, but Hays scored. Jimmie Green singled to left. By this time, Wright who was pitching for Wagners team got wild and walked Buzzard, putting three on base and two out, with Chuck Kinsey at bat with the count three and two. The

next pitch was in the right place and Kinsey drove a beautiful hit over the center fielders head, scoring Bailey and Green, and ending the game, score Hookstown 17, Wagners 16.

After the game Wagner said he had never seen such a bunch of fighters in a small town, also that they were the best team that he had played against this year. The next day which was Friday, a team from Mt. Olivet Church, lined up to give Hookstown a fight, but they, like all the rest took a bearing instead. This score was 18 to 3. This ended the Old Home Week and as far as base ball was concerned, Hookstown was in a class by itself, winning every game.

The players used by Laughlin were all from Hookstown or near by as the following line-up will show. Ed. (Pork) Dawson caught every game. He, like five or six generations before him, lived in Georgetown. Frank Duncan, who pitched, lives in Smiths Ferry, a son of the well known driller Milton Duncan. Frank Conkle, another pitcher for Hookstown for twenty-five years and is good for several more years. Dell Hays played first base, he being from Smiths Ferry. O. V. Boone, a Hookstown farmer was our regular firstbase man. Robert Mackall and Eddie Bailey took turn about playing second. Jimmie Green came up from Pottstown to play short. Chuck Kinsey played third. He is a son of Charles Kinsey the oil well pumper and grandson of Mollie Trimble, the oldest woman to attend the game. The outfield was composed of the Mackall twins, Dwight and Dwain, Paul R. Laughlin and Buzzard. Mr. Cline Kinsey umpired. Merle Doak was the mascot.

PROGRAM

August 18th to 23rd, 1924

Committees

Chairman, Jno. N. Mercer; secretary, Mrs. Ada Stewart; treasurer, H. P. Floyd; entertainment, Robert J. Leeper; transportation and parking, C. C. Hall and H. M. Stewart; information, Miss Julia Reed; athletics and concessions, B. C. Laughlin; music, H. C. Leeper.

LETTERS OF REGRET

Hon. Jos. H. Swearingen, Judge of Courts, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. J. A. Greer, Neponsett, Ill.
Hon. W. H. S. Thompson, Judge Federal Conrt, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. A. Langfitt, Attorney, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. Henry Chapman Swearingen, D.D., late Moderator Presbyterian Church
Rev. James H. Snowden, D.D., L.L.D.

DEAR MR. STEWART:

I received you Letter some time ago. telling of the "Home Coming" to be at Hookstown. I had not forgotten about your letter, but I was trying to give you an answer as definite as possible when I decided to write. That I cannot yet do. I am so busy with my duties here, that I cannot yet tell what my situation will be when the Home Coming time arrives.

I thank you very much for your kind invitation. Nothing would please me more than to once again meet the good people that are left of those I delighted to know in my early years. Likewise those who have succeeded them.

Very sincerely,

JOS. H. SWEARINGEN.

NEPONSET, ILL., JULY 15, 1924.

MRS. ADA STEWART,
HOOKSTOWN, PA.
DEAR MRS. STEWART:

Your kind invitation to attend the Hookstown Home Coming Week, and take a place on the program was received in due time.

I thank you for the same, and assure you that I should be glad to be there to meet old time friends. But I had planned to spend my vacation in Kansas and Colorado, because of some business matters that will require my personal attention. Therefore my face will be turned toward the west instead of toward the east during vacation month.

Hoping you will make a success of your Home Coming Week and that all who attend will have a delightful time, I am,

Yours sincerely,

J. A. GREER.

JULY 10, 1924.

MRS. ADA STEWART,
Secretary of Committee,
HOOKSTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR MRS. STEWART:

I have your kind favor of the 9th inst., asking me to be on the program for an address at your "Home Coming Week," to be held in the third week of August. I would have been very glad to have been present and to have met many of my old neighbors and friends on the occasion of "Home Coming Week." This particularly because many of them I have not seen for ten or fifteen years. But I expect to be absent from the city during the month of August on my vacation, which will make it impossible for me to accept the invitation.

Regretting my inability to be present, and with kind regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

W. H. S. THOMPSON.

JUNE 30, 1924.

MRS. ADA STEWART,
HOOKSTOWN, BEAVER CO., PA.
DEAR MRS. STEWART:

Your favor of the 18th instant awaited my "home-coming week" from a trip up in Canada. I appreciate your kind invitation to be "programmed." It is, however, impossible for me to accept on account of the well known and long ascertained difficulty of being in two places at once, and since I am already booked for Washington City that week—an engagement which cannot be postponed or avoided—I shall be deprived of the pleasure of being with you.

Cordially yours,

J. A. LANGFITT.

JULY 9, 1924.

MRS. ADA STEWART,
HOOKSTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR MRS. STEWART:

Your letter of June 18th come to my desk while I was absent in the East. I regret exceedingly that it will not be possible for me to attend the Home-Coming Week at Hookstown during August. August is my vacation month and I am obliged to deny myself the privilege of all such engagements and go away into the woods for a complete rest. Shall be very glad to know of the success of the reunion.

With renewed assurances of regard, I remain,

Very cordially yours,

HENRY CHAPMAN SWEARINGEN.

JUNE 24, 1924.

MRS. ADA STEWART,
HOOKSTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR MRS. STEWART:

Your letter with your kind invitation to attend your home coming week in the third week in August reaches me here. I appreciate the invitation and it would give me great pleasure to attend, but at that time I shall be lecturing in Iowa. Regretting this conflict of dates and hoping you will have a fine time I am,

Very truly yours,

JAMES H. SNOWDEN.

SURNAME INDEX

HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE SOUTHSIDE

BEAVER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

1924

Complied by Robert M. Bryan

****

eprinted by the Hookstown Grange in Cooperation
vith the Board of Directors of the Hookstown Fair
A Bicentennial Project
1976

****

his index was made by Glenn L. Hook, assisted
by his wife Alma Day Hook, Georgetown, Ohio
1978

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